This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

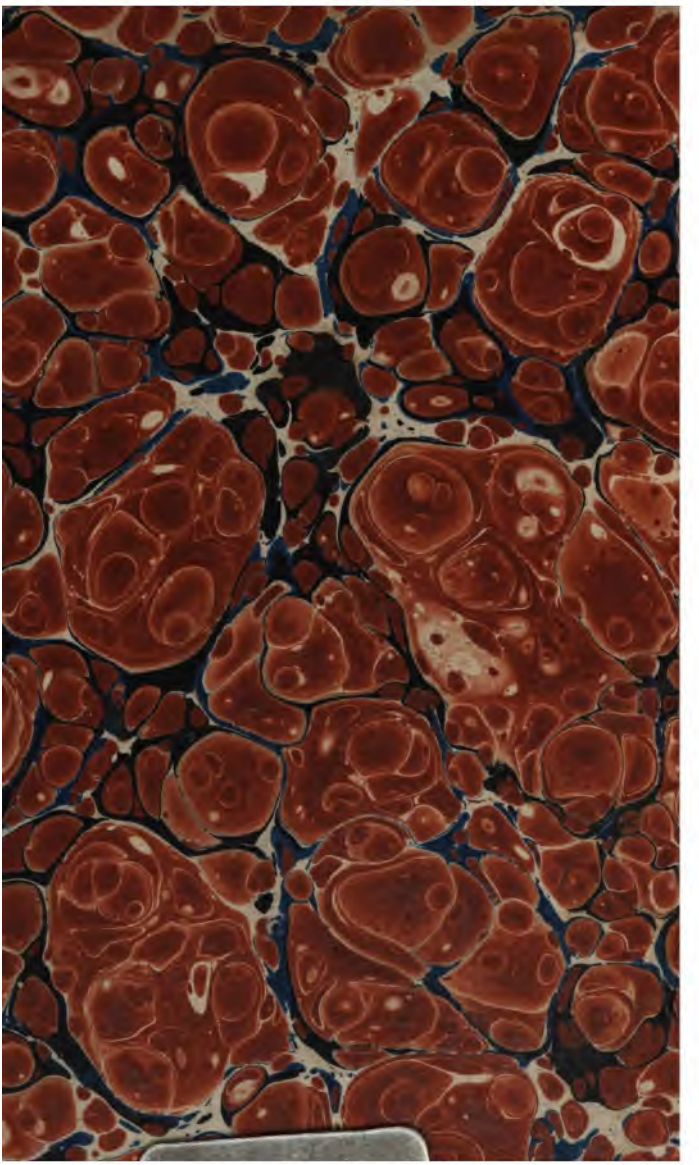
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

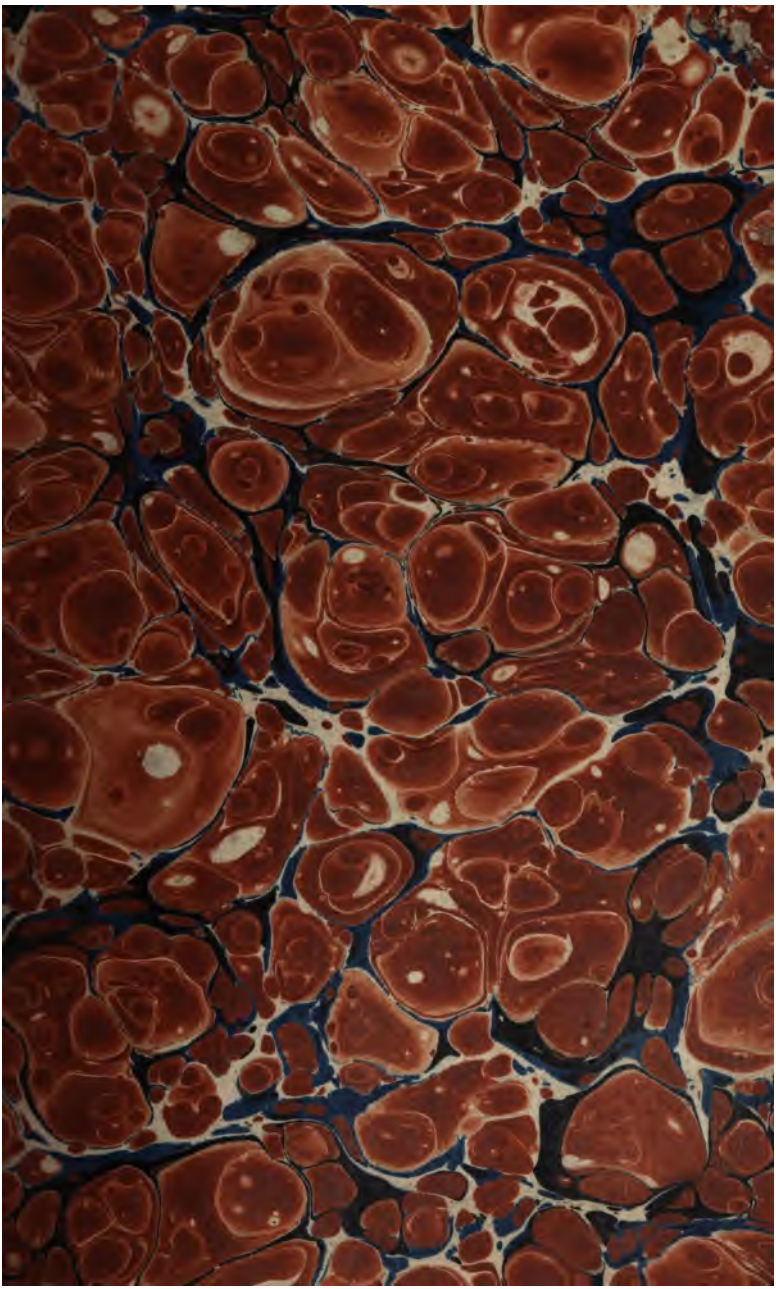
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`





254 . 176

d.2.

MARCUS FLAMINIUS;

OR,

A VIEW OF THE

MILITARY, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL LIFE

OF

THE ROMANS:

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM A PATRICIAN TO HIS FRIEND;

IN THE YEAR DCC.LXII.

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF ROME,

TO THE YEAR DCC.LXIX.

By E. CORNELIA KNIGHT.

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus. *Virgil*, Æn. Lib. x.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. M'CREERY,
FOR T. CADELL, AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.
1808.

BODLEIAN
21 NOV 1934
LIBRARY

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ORFORD,

WHOSE GENIUS AND TASTE

MUST EVER DISTINGUISH THE NAME OF

WALPOLE

IN THE ANNALS OF LITERATURE,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

E. CORNELIA KNIGHT.

PREFACE.

FEW persons peruse the Roman history, without forming a wish that it were possible to become more intimately acquainted with the great characters described in it; and this thought seems particularly to strike those who wander amidst the ruins of ancient Rome.

To bring history to life, is the chief intention of this publication. The reigns of Augustus and Tiberius are generally allowed to include the most interesting period for the politician, the moralist, the man of learning, and the artist. The following LETTERS may give some idea of the state of Rome, and its inhabitants, during the last years of the former emperor, and the first years of his successor: the empire was then at the summit of power; though, undoubtedly, superior vir-

tue was to be found in the pristine ages of the republic, and greater magnificence under the succeeding emperors.

I am sensible that the present work can only be considered as a faint representation of a great and important image; but if a few of the principal features are delineated, it may assist the enquiries of the traveller, and, in some measure, gratify the curiosity of those who are denied the satisfaction of visiting the places dignified by history.

Minute details have been avoided, and the local descriptions, not being meant to serve as an itinerary, are only introduced to elucidate the sentiments and events. A complete account of all that was interesting to be seen or known, in the Augustan age, would be indeed voluminous. The city of Rome has alone furnished materials for numberless writers, both ancient and modern; yet fresh discoveries are daily made, and the mine is far from being exhausted. While the Cæsars were masters of the world, every individual of their dominions contributed to the embellishment of the capital; every remarkable work of art was

transported thither; every man of genius made Rome the center of his ambition; the fate of empires was there decided, and to Rome we originally owe the knowledge and civilization, which the different states of Europe now possess in a comparative degree.

The subject is universally interesting; and, should the candid and indulgent Reader find himself disappointed in his expectations, it is at least hoped he will remember, that he feels greater pleasure in looking on the most imperfect sketch of the transfiguration of Raphael, than on the happiest imitation of a piece of still life.

In regard to the character of Arminius, we must remember it is a Roman who writes, and that it is natural his sentiments should be conformable to the testimony of Latin historians. The Germans, a brave and patriotic people, revere the memory of Arminius as the champion of their liberty; they represent the massacre of Teutoburgium as an engagement, in which courage had as great a share as artifice. Though we know not on what this assertion is founded, it is at least

pardonable in a nation jealous of its honour, and, at present, incapable of a similar act of treachery. Arminius is allowed by the Romans to have been a man of great personal bravery, and spirit of enterprise. Quintilius Varus had the reputation of indolence and avarice; but it appears that the chief cause of discontent was his endeavour to introduce the laws and regular tribunals of the Romans, amongst a people who were accustomed to decide private, as well as public quarrels, by the sword. However just may be the strictures on the conduct of Varus, it would not have been proper that a young officer, who served with him, should cast any reflections on the memory of his unfortunate general.

To the historians of those times, and to the annals of Tacitus in particular, the reader is referred for most of the characters described in the following pages: he will there find that Tiberius, after the conspiracy of Clemens, was constantly disturbed with alarms, many of which were often not without foundation: he will see that slaves and freedmen were the agents in affairs of a mysterious nature, and

that nothing was more frequent than the persecution of senators, and their families, from the slightest suspicions: he will read the untimely fate of the excellent Germanicus; the sacrifice of Arminius to civil discord; the murder of Drusus; and the conspiracy of Sejanus against the emperor.

A few notes are added to authenticate passages, the truth of which is attested by ancient authors; and to remind the reader of the modern names of places which occur throughout the work. These notes will, indeed, be unnecessary to the scholar and traveller, to whose indulgence, the letters of Marcus are peculiarly recommended; the last of whom, with the feelings of Cæsar amidst the ruins of Troy,

> "——— his wondering eyes has cast
> On ancient monuments of ages past.
>
> ROWE's Lucan. Pharsalia, Book ix.

MARCUS FLAMINIUS;

OR THE

LIFE OF THE ROMANS.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 55 Note, for *Lavero* read *Lavoro*
60 Note, for *Procide* read *Procida*
247 Note, for *Montagne* read *Montagna*
250 Note, for *Sainte Oreste* read *Sant Oreste*
254 Note, for *Posthumous* read *Posthumus*
259 Note, for *Scarra* read *Sciarra*
and for *Columna* read *Colonna*

VOL. II.

Page 17 Line the 6th, for *aproved* read *approved*
176 Note, for *the* read *this*
227 Note, for *Sibyl* read *the Sibyl*

[redacted] should happen during our expedition into Germany; uncertain as I am, whether you will ever receive the letter of your friend, I still continue to write.——Your love of glory made you envy the happy followers of Quintilius Varus,* and you looked with contempt on your

* Quintilius Varus, defeated by Arminius, in the year of Rome, 762, and the 10th of our æra, as is generally believed. Velleius Paterculus, Strabo, Dion Cassius, &c.

MARCUS FLAMINIUS;

OR THE

LIFE OF THE ROMANS.

MARCUS TO SEPTIMIUS.

LETTER I.

ALAS! Septimius, while you imagine a glorious death has put an end to my misfortunes, I am perhaps condemned to wear out my existence in a barbarous and hostile land.——When we parted, I promised to inform you of every event that should happen during our expedition into Germany; uncertain as I am, whether you will ever receive the letter of your friend, I still continue to write.——Your love of glory made you envy the happy followers of Quintilius Varus,* and you looked with contempt on your

* Quintilius Varus, defeated by Arminius, in the year of Rome, 762, and the 10th of our æra, as is generally believed. Velleius Paterculus, Strabo, Dion Cassius, &c.

station in Illyria, when compared with the prospects that were opened to our ambition.——O Septimius! we are betrayed, massacred, disgraced—Start not, my friend! I would not have lived to write the last of these words, had not a power, stronger than my own resolutions, prevailed, and forced me to retain a life, which it requires more courage to support, than to terminate even by the most painful of deaths. This consideration alone makes me submit to my present state, and, without boasting, I may add, that the victory over my feelings gives me an internal satisfaction which, in some measure, makes amends for the humiliating condition to which I am reduced.

You will have heard of the battle, or rather of the surprise at Teutoburgium,* in which Varus and his three legions were destroyed by the artifice and valour of Arminius. I was near our general, and saw him turn his sword against his own bosom; I rushed into the thickest of the enemies, and expected not to have survived our disgrace; I fell in the midst of slaughter, and was long insensible of my situation; at length I

* Teutoburgium. It is difficult to ascertain the spot, some imagine it to have been near Pyrmont. Cluverius places it between Dietmille and Horn.

recovered, and, by the light of several fires, which burned on altars raised in a wood near the field of battle, I perceived a sight more horrible than imagination can form. At each of the altars stood a priest, attended by children and guarded by soldiers, whose brows were crowned with the sacred produce of the oak; they were sacrificing to the God of revenge the wretched tribunes and centurions of our army, who had unfortunately been taken prisoners during the battle: the blood of some of these victims already flowed on the altars, others were bound with cords, and the knife was just pointed to their throats.——I summoned all the strength that was left me, and with some difficulty crawled to the nearest fire: I told the barbarians to strike, and put an end to my existence; the priest was about to comply with my request, and the children began to scream out the usual dirge that accompanies these frantic rites; but the soldiers who stood round, interposed, and declaring that my voluntary submission entitled me to protection, hurried me away with them, and placed me on one of the carriages that stood beyond the confines of the wood. I was too weak to resist, and soon relapsed into a state of insensibility, till the motion of the carriage restoring me to myself, I found my

humane preservers had bound up my wounds. They were a party of the Cheruscans,* who were returning to their native vallies after the engagement. I suffered incredible torture during this rough and tedious journey, but these very sufferings convincing me that it would be now an act of cowardice to attempt putting an end to a life of pain, I collected all the philosophy of which I was master, and resolved to bear whatever fortune might inflict.

With these sentiments I arrived at the miserable dwellings of my conductors: they have saved my life, cured my wounds, and with singular generosity exempted me from the common offices of slavery, the most wretched condition that can be imagined in this barbarous country: all that they expect from me is to assist them in the chace, or to procure game for them when they are not themselves disposed to seek it. War and hunting are the only occupations which they consider worthy of a free being: of letters they

* Cheruscans, supposed to have been inhabitants of that part of Germany, which is now comprehended in the duchies of Brunswick and Lunenburg, and the dioceses of Halberstadt, Hildesheim, and Magdeburg. For their character, see Tacitus de moribus Germanorum.

have no idea: the luxuries and conveniencies of life are alike unknown to them; their actions are kind, but their manners are rude. Their indulgence towards me, which proceeds from their opinion of my behaviour on the night of the engagement, has never been accompanied with the least mark of affection; they have not attempted to insult my misfortunes, nor have they sought to console my afflictions. Whether time may bring us to a nearer connexion is to me uncertain, but I have discovered that it is impossible to escape; the frontiers are continually guarded, not only to prevent the flight of their slaves or of their prisoners, but to repel the incursions of their neighbours. As they have not employment at home, when there is no general war that calls forth their exertions, they reciprocally lay waste the lands nearest to them, and plunder all that is within their reach; and it is remarkable how much they are addicted to idleness, and averse to tranquillity.

LETTER II.

THE sovereigns in Germany owe their dignity to birth, the generals are chosen from superiority of valour, but it is not rare to see the same person invested with both characters. Arminius,* the present leader of the Cheruscans, possesses great intrepidity and spirit of enterprise: at an early period of his life he acquired the esteem of his countrymen, and that of our legions as commander of a body of auxiliaries: the knowledge and experience which he gained in the Roman army, proved fatal to the unfortunate Varus. Our defeat will probably consecrate the name of Arminius in the annals of posterity, and he is already considered as the

* Arminius, called by the Germans, Hermann; for his character, see Tacitus, Velleius Paterculus, &c. Tradition has consecrated his fame in Germany, and a pillar erected to his memory, called Hermansaule, was worshipped till the introduction of Christianity. The manners of the Germans in this and the former letter are taken from Tacitus de mor. Germ. Cæsar's Comment. Book 6.

hero of Germany: the neighbouring chiefs are jealous of his power, and envious of his glory, but his principal enemy is Segestes, whose daughter he married contrary to her father's inclinations; and in this country the attachment of the latter for the Romans is supposed to have arisen from a motive of revenge against his son-in-law. It was a prepossession of the same nature that influenced our unhappy general to disbelieve the assertions of Segestes, when he cautioned him against the perfidious intentions of Arminius. Varus supposed the accusation to be dictated by malice, and never suspected the Cheruscan leader, till we fell into the ambush he had prepared for us.

Arminius, agreeable to the custom of all these nations, has a select number of young men of the noblest families who constantly attend him, and are called his companions: they accompany him in battle, and never quit his side; and it is considered as the greatest infamy, when one of these companions deserts his prince, or even survives him after an engagement: they wear a distinguishing mark on their armour, and enjoy the most honourable privileges. Cariovaldas, leader of the party that conducted me hither, has a son amongst this chosen band of Arminius;

his name is Sigismar, and it is said that he gained the highest glory in the late action; his father is one of the principal warriors of the Cheruscans, and, if it is an alleviation of slavery to have fallen into noble hands, I have reason to be contented with my situation; but I do not yet see any hopes of acquiring that temper of mind which alone can reconcile me to my fate, and make me, like Æsop the philosopher, sport with captivity. I feel a vacuity that is worse than all my other misfortunes: I cannot partake of the indolent enjoyments of this people; their greatest pleasure is the absence of pain, except when they give themselves up to the disgusting joys of ebriety, or the more destructive delights of gaming: for simple and untaught as they seem, they are yet addicted to this ruinous vice to such a degree, that they often lose at one sitting all their possessions, and at length in the desperate essay for recovering what they have lost, set their liberty at stake, and become by the last unlucky throw the slave of their antagonist. Such are their vices, but their virtues must be allowed to be greater: conjugal fidelity, paternal and filial affection, hospitality and valour are the characteristics of these barbarians; and good morals have here more influence than good laws in our

more civilized countries. My heart would be soon interested in their favour, if my mind found any subject for its activity; but the change is too great: though wild scenes and savage manners may afford matter of speculation for a short time, they cannot make amends for the loss of that variety of objects which is produced by the united efforts of art and nature. My boasted philosophy evaporates when I reflect, that the misfortune of a day has dashed to the ground every ambitious hope, barred every path to distinction, broken every tie of friendship and affection, and reduced me to a state of hopeless misery, or torpid indifference. You may remember, Septimius, the last evening we spent together in Rome, with what ardor did I prepare myself for this expedition! with what rapture did I relinquish the pleasures which abound in that capital of the universe, while I nourished the pleasing hope of rendering myself worthy of my ancestors and of my country. I wished to emulate the example of my father, though an early death deprived me of his precepts, and to add new lustre to the family of a mother whose memory I revered, though I lost her in my infancy; perhaps to shew myself not undeserving of the kindness of Augustus, of the praises of the philosophers and

poets who frequent his court—and to gather laurels which I might one day hope to lay at the feet of Aurelia.——Such are the dreams of youth —they are vanished, and must I not complain?

Can I forget that moment in which the great, the good Valerius,* straining me to his bosom with all the warmth of paternal tenderness, exhorted me to prove myself a descendant of those Romans who had saved their country from domestic slavery and foreign invasion; yet not to expose too rashly a life, which was dear to him as the only remaining image of a beloved sister. Who is now to console him amidst the troubles, which his rigid virtue and unshaken regard for the welfare of Rome have accumulated on his head? Nobly conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, he has disdained to flatter the haughty Livia, or her insidious son. Should Tiberius ever enjoy the sovereign command, where are the virtuous citizens, the truly Romans, who will support Valerius against his enmity? O Septimius! my heart bleeds when I reflect on what I have left; a gloomy melancholy preys on my existence; I am a solitary being in the midst

* For the Valerian family, see Livy, Plutarch, Life of Poplicola, &c.

of a vast desert, whence I have neither hope of escape, nor prospect of consolation!

Had I any means of instruction, any power of conversing with men whose minds have been cultivated, I could bear my situation; but my time passes without pleasure and without improvement; the hours follow each other with a languid and inglorious pace: I have neither friend nor enemy, neither instructor nor fellow-student.

LETTER III.*

THE gloomy winter approaches, and the inclemencies of the season are added to the other distresses of this unhappy people: they begin to retire from their summer huts into the melancholy caves which are to enclose them during the ensuing six months. Hunting will soon be carried on with greater eagerness, and as this is now the only employment left me, I see with pleasure the neighbouring mountains covered with snow, and listen not unwillingly to the boisterous winds that roar through these desart plains, and agitate the lofty woods. I have already accompanied Cariovaldas on an expedition against the savages of the forest, and have acquired some esteem amongst the Cheruscans by my skill and intrepidity. Were I at Rome, Septimius, I would not appear the harbinger of my own praises; but here I can set little value

* Tacitus de mor. Germ. Klopstock, Tragedy of Hermannslacht, and various authors.

on the skill which I possess in common with a herd of barbarians, or on the intrepidity which only consists in exposing a life that is become a burden. Amidst the charms and luxuries of Rome we can scarcely conceive why a man should hazard his existence from any other motives, than those of fame or duty. We have been told, but cannot believe, that there are beings who, without any peculiar misfortune to make them weary of life, are indifferent to the preservation of it, merely because they are involved in general wretchedness; yet such, I am now convinced, is the case of many nations in the world: their misery is not sufficiently great to induce them to seek death, but their comforts are too few to make them very anxious to avoid it. The past affords them no pleasing prospect for the future, and with a very little struggle they quit the mansion of pain, labour and indigence, with the hope of finding, in some unknown region, that degree of pleasure, repose, and plenty, of which their unenlightened minds can form an idea. All nations have fabricated an Elysium for themselves, or have adopted one on the faith of others, when they have found it analogous to their desires or principles. The Greeks, and we, in imitation of them, have supposed for the

reward of the good, fairer fields, more odoriferous shrubs, cooler shades, and more stately palaces, than the present. We imagine that the variety of pleasures will be infinite; that music will become perfect harmony; that poetry will embrace, in the sublimest strains, the past, the present, and the future; that science will appear unveiled, and that our curiosity, and love of society, will be gratified with the sight and knowledge of all the great and good who have preceded or may follow us. Such are our hopes, the offspring of our wishes rather than of our necessity; and therefore we do not usually desire to anticipate the time when they are to be realized. The Germans, on the contrary, whose Elysium is far less extensive and less complicated than ours, are more ready to quit their present state, because they can scarcely bear in this world the wants which they expect to see supplied in the next: they imagine that, in the hall of Odin they shall feel no inclemencies of the weather; that the boar will be every day in the adjoining wood ready to receive the stroke of their javelins, and will every day appear smoaking at the feast; that the cup will be constantly full, though repeated draughts endeavour to exhaust its sparkling contents; that chaplets of flowers,

which eternity cannot wither, will adorn their heads, and that never-dying bards will sing their actions while they recline on their spears. Such is the expectation of the Cheruscans and of their warlike neighbours: you perceive it is founded wholly on their wants, except where the love of glory is concerned, a passion which has indeed a considerable share in all their actions: however, it must be owned that these reflections sufficiently evince the superior merit of our countrymen, whose valour has always been found at least equal to that of their enemies; therefore the mere consideration how much more they sacrifice, will enable us to do justice to their magnanimity. A sentiment of honour alone can preserve a polished and enlightened people from sinking into effeminacy.

I do not mean to infer that the Germans are always unhappy, when we in the same circumstances should be involved in hopeless misery. Their feelings do not seem to be equal to ours. They are accustomed to gloomy images; they for ever suppose spectres to be hovering over them; every blast brings with it the shrieks of some discontented ghost; in every cloud they perceive a spirit brandishing a fiery meteor for a lance, and omens and prognostics attend on

every step. Such are the subject of their conversation and of their poetry; but they do not appear to be greatly affected with these horrors, or solicitous about the event. Their mirth is never without some mixture of melancholy; and the first order given by a chief, after he has gained a battle, is, that a part of the trophies shall be placed on his grave. Death is for ever present to their imagination; yet, while the reflection is so indifferent to themselves, I do not find them equally careless of the fate of their friends: they mourn indeed but a short time, but they preserve their memory with invariable constancy, often refuse to survive them, and never neglect their last commands. This ardor of attachment, which seems incompatible with the sullen indifference in which they pass their days, undoubtedly proceeds from the misery of their situation: obliged to struggle through life with pain and difficulty, they are in constant need of the assistance of each other; and the fewer are the comforts they possess, the more they feel the want of them.

The priests are singularly respected: they form a distinct order, and are not obliged to serve their country in arms: they preside over the education of youth, direct the counsels of

the monarch, arm the warrior for battle, and punish all capital offenders. Judge how great must be their power, which originates from a sentiment of pride in these nations, who suppose it beneath them to be directed, or punished, by men: they submit to whatever is inflicted by the priests, because they consider them as the instruments of their divinities. As their religion has in it more of fear than of love, I believe these ministers to be the chief cause of the ferocity of the people: if ever they should be sufficiently enlightened to adopt a more rational and more gentle belief, their valour will be no longer stained with the reproach of cruelty, and they will acquire the knowledge necessary to obviate the inconveniences of their situation, and to give them that distinction and consideration in the world, which their virtues undoubtedly deserve.

LETTER IV.

SINCE my last letter, Septimius, I have suffered several months to elapse without attempting to communicate my thoughts to you. Fatigued with the monotony of a captive life, having no new object to attract my regard, no event to relate, no project to form, I have lived, or rather vegetated, in a state of mind not unlike what I have described in the Cheruscans. Last night I was roused from this lethargy, in a manner that has awakened in me the most painful sensations.

As soon as our frugal supper was ended, Cariovaldas commanded all present to withdraw, except myself; and, when we were alone, he spoke to me in the following terms.

"Young Roman, you have now been a year under my roof; and, as you voluntarily offered yourself for sacrifice at Teutoburgium, I could not, with justice, consider you as my slave: I would not have meanly saved your life to make a

property of your liberty; by us you were supposed to be amongst the slain: the dead are free. Had you not discovered yourself from your impatience, you would not have fallen into our hands; we have, therefore, no right to exercise over you any other power than that of preventing you from assisting our enemies, and I could do no otherwise than bring you to my dwelling: the laws of hospitality enjoin us to entertain the stranger as long as he chuses to remain with us; they command us not to ask him any question relative to his own condition, till he has been a year under our roof. As for the first of these duties, I have no merit in exercising it; your situation does not permit me to allow of your departure. The second I have faithfully observed: I have neither constrained your actions by watchful inspection, nor disturbed your meditations by importunate inquiries; but I am now permitted to ask your name, your rank in the republic, and your station in the army."

You will readily believe, Septimius, that the speech of Cariovaldas surprised and affected me; the words which he had uttered, with all the coolness imaginable, struck me to the heart, from a sense of my situation. I recovered my-

self, after a moment's reflection, and told him my name was Marcus Quintius Flaminius ;* that I was descended from a family not unknown in the annals of Rome ; that I had scarcely attained my nineteenth year, when I accompanied Varus on his expedition, having before made a campaign in Dalmatia ;† that my only station in the army was one of the young patricians, who, as select horse, attend the general, and fight immediatety under his inspection ; that I was sensible of the kindness with which the Cheruscans, and he, in particular, had treated me ; but that I earnestly requested he would permit me to be exchanged for whatever prisoner he should desire, or receive any ransom he might think proper, as I had friends who wanted neither power nor inclination to assist me.

* M. Q. Flaminius, or Flaminius. The Quintian family was originally of Alba ; after the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii, several of the principal nobility of that city were enrolled amongst the Roman senators : Quintius was one of the number. Livy, book i. There were several branches of the Quintii ; as the Capitolini, Cincinnati, Flaminini, and Crispini.

† Dalmatia. Germanicus had commanded an army there, and was eminently successful. Vell. Pat. &c.

Cariovaldas replied, that the Germans disdained to give up their prisoners by ransom or exchange; that Arminius had granted liberty to a few Romans, on the night of the engagement, that they might inform Augustus of the defeat of his legions; but that any attempt I should make to obtain the same permission, would be fruitless, as the laws of the state most strictly forbade such a precedent, and nothing but the most urgent reasons could permit the sovereign to transgress them. He then asked me what I meant by writing, as he had often observed me so employed: he assured me, that all communication was prohibited between the prisoners and their native country; and advised me against nourishing false hopes, which could only disturb my mind, and make my present situation more irksome. He smiled, when I told him it was impossible wholly to exclude hope, and that I relieved my cares and soothed my affliction in the persuasion that I was communicating my thoughts to my friend. He had no conception what happiness would arise from illusion; nor indeed what disquietude I could feel, when I neither suffered pain nor disgrace. He said I was too young for forming any connexions to be regretted, and had too small a share in the

affairs of my country, to suppose my absence of any material consequence to myself or to the republic. He ascribed my uneasiness to a restless and ungoverned fancy; advised me to calm my passions, and repress my desires; and, well convinced that I could as easily obey as listen to his precepts, he left me to meditate on his insensibility and my own misfortunes.

To be condemned to the most wretched, the most humiliating, the most hopeless of all conditions, and not be allowed the liberty of complaint, is surely the height of misery and oppression; yet I am persuaded that Cariovaldas has no idea of the sufferings he inflicts, and all resentment, on my part, would be as absurd as fruitless. These reflections, however, far from reconciling me to my situation, have a contrary effect; I am agitated by every passion, disturbed by every recollection, disgusted with every object that surrounds me; and, if some desperate effort does not free me from my present state, I have no other refuge but the grave.

LETTER V.

I HAVE endeavoured to escape, and though without success, I flatter myself, Septimius, a few hours will set me free: I was intercepted at a small distance from this place; innumerable wounds were the consequence of a long and desperate conflict; I have reason to hope they will prove mortal.—Cariovaldas has plighted his faith to me that, after my death, these papers shall be conveyed to your hands; I have not strength to write much, nor is it necessary.—Tell Valerius I have neither dishonoured my country, nor my family; assure my beloved Aurelia of my inviolable constancy; and may all that fame and fortune once seemed to promise to the unhappy Marcus, be realized and accumulated on the head of Septimius! Farewel.

LETTER VI.

IT is too true, Septimius, that death flies from the cavern of despair and only delights to overthrow the pompous fabricks of hope: your friend still lives; his youth and the strength of his constitution have once more snatched him from the arms of freedom: surely Heaven yet reserves me for future happiness, or I should not meet with such unusual trials; trials that have conquered even the insensibility of the cool Cheruscans. Cariovaldas has taken infinite care of me during my confinement, and rejoices at my recovery with more warmth than I have ever before perceived in his temper. The neighbouring chiefs have visited me, and continue to send me presents of game and salutary herbs: I feel myself less agitated and more resigned than I was before this unsuccessful attempt: the pleasing sentiment of gratitude has taken possession of my breast, and inspires me with a growing regard for my generous enemies. When I can find any object of friendship or af-

fection, I shall not be totally wretched; but my heart cannot support life without attachment.

Vercennis, the wife of Cariovaldas, has been my physician on this occasion, as she had been when I first arrived here from Teutoburgium. She is a matron greatly esteemed in this country for her knowledge* in the medical art, and for her supposed skill in divination and prophecy; but her conversation affords little pleasure, nor have I found in her, or in the other women whom I have met, any of those graces, or of that gentleness of manners which are the natural characteristics of the sex in civilized countries: it must indeed be owned they are free from many of the faults objected to our fair countrywomen; they are neither vain, capricious, nor artful; they accompany their husbands to the field, and share in all the dangers of war; they busy themselves in every economical duty, which we leave to the care of our domestic slaves; yet are they on many occasions more respected than the haughtiest and most amiable of our Roman ladies. No dowry is given with a daughter when she marries; on the contrary, a present is made to her father on the occasion, and to her is con-

* Velleius Paterculus.

signed a lance with other military instruments. There has been to me always something disgusting in the character of an Amazon, and I am more disposed to esteem than admire the fair Cheruscans: I will, however, confess that I have had few opportunities of seeing and conversing with any of the younger; they are indeed allowed all the liberty they desire, but they make a very moderate use of it. I have sometimes perceived them discoursing familiarly with the young men of their own country, but have not observed either design or gallantry in their intercourse; as for me, they seem studiously to avoid my society, and their countrymen take great pains to confirm them in such reserve. These entertain the most disadvantageous idea of the morals of the Romans; and are persuaded that a man who neither loves gaming, nor the Bacchanalian orgies, which are their chief delight, can have no other way of spending his time than in the seduction of women; and as they never adorn their persons but to appear more terrible to the enemy, they consider all elegance and even neatness of dress, as marks of effeminacy and libertinism: in the same manner, as they suppose, that the study of eloquence can

only tend to the purposes of deceit, and that of philosophy to the ruin of religion.

With these ideas you may imagine that they are far from being ambitious of acquiring the knowledge of Greece and Rome. The ignorance most difficult to conquer is that which proceeds from pride: the Cheruscans will never be reasoned into a desire of improvement; but they, as well as every other nation, may be seduced by the charms of luxury. However, there is something awfully rigid in their virtue, which, on many occasions, incites them to actions as noble as those that are the result of the most enlightened philosophy; yet I must still assert that their merit is inferior to ours: their passions are far less violent, they have more patience, greater coolness, and, in general, more indifference for every thing that forms the object of our hopes and fears. Money as yet is of little consequence to the Germans, and if avarice is to be found amongst them, it consists rather in the fear of loss, than in the desire of gain. They hazard no commercial speculations, and hold even agriculture in little esteem: they prefer the devastation of their neighbours lands to the improvement of their own: they exchange presents with each other, but neither make a merit of their bounty,

nor feel much gratitude for what they receive.

The hardships and inconveniences to which they are daily exposed, are perhaps the cause of the excesses into which they plunge themselves to drive away thought. Were their sobriety equal to their frugality and valour, they would be almost unconquerable; but they scarcely ever make the proper use of a victory, as they frequently suffer themselves to be surprised and defeated, when, after a successful engagement, their banquet has put them into a condition that renders then incapable of resistance.

These banquets are likewise held for deliberating on public affairs, but nothing is concluded till the next day, when the heads are cool and the passions less agitated. This they consider as one of the best of their institutions, as they are obliged to give their opinions when every tongue is supposed to utter the language of the heart; and these opinions are discussed, and considered, when their reason and judgment are in full and temperate force.

It may be expected that in these political banquets, unlike those said to have been introduced by Italus to civilize and gain the hearts of his people, frequent disputes and controversies will

arise; and I have been told that on these occasions, few words are employed to decide the contest, but the sword is immediately drawn, and most of the feasts terminate like that of the Lapithæ. Cariovaldas has received as many wounds from his patriotism in the council, as from his bravery in the field: whence you may conclude that the strongest and most active chief, must always have the best of the argument. Whether this inconvenience is greater than what arises from more polished manners, is to me uncertain: acuteness of mind may as easily fall to the share of a traitor, as strength of body. The Roman who prefers his private interest to that of his country, may be possessed of more eloquence and greater power of persuasion than the most zealous and upright of his fellow citizens; his superior talents may do as much hurt as the sword of the traitorous German, who may unfortunately wield it with a more vigorous arm than his honester countryman. Prejudice alone makes us insensible of the empire of seduction, while we are constantly on our guard against that of force; but the councils of a civilized republic are in fact not more free than those of the barbarians.

LETTER VII.

I CANNOT describe to you, Septimius, the surprise and satisfaction which I have experienced since my last letter: I told you that most of the neighbouring chiefs had expressed a particular esteem for me, and sent me presents during my confinement. Yesterday Vercennis entered my cave, and informed me that some slaves were arrived from an intimate friend of Cariovaldas, named Manfred, whose possessions being more distant than the others, he had not been enabled sooner to assure me of his regard. Scarcely had she spoken, when the slaves appeared bearing a wild boar, and a quantity of lesser game; they were followed by a person habited nearly like themselves, but whose air and features immediately struck me: judge of my feelings, when I really found him to be the person I imagined, the Grecian Philocles. You may remember he was the friend of Varus, and accompanied him on his expedition into Germany: the liveliness of his wit, the gentleness

of his manners, the elegant and extensive knowledge with which he is endowed, rendered his society infinitely agreeable, not only to the general, but to every officer in the army. I welcomed him with transport, and at the same time expressed my regret at seeing him in a condition equally wretched with my own; but he seemed only sensible to the happiness of finding me; and related, that having been taken prisoner by Manfred, during the pillage of the camp, he had ever since been his slave; and had experienced from him no very unfavourable treatment; that hearing a wounded Roman was confined in the dominions of Cariovaldas, he had requested of his master to permit him to accompany the presents, though he had no expectation of meeting me, whom he supposed to have been left slain on the field of battle. He now earnestly entreated me to prevail on Cariovaldas to take him into his houshold, and engage Manfred to exchange him for one of his slaves. Cariovaldas readily complied, on condition that he should return the next day to his master to obtain his permission; and has this morning dispatched one of his most intelligent slaves, to attend Philocles, and, if Manfred approves of him, to remain in his place.

We have passed the night in recapitulating the dreadful event, which reduced us to this state of exile and captivity. Philocles could give me little intelligence that was later than my own; he has, however, encreased my horror and indignation by his description* of the insults committed by the barbarians on the once victorious eagles, and other trophies of Roman glory, but now of Roman shame. I was obliged to stop him in the midst of his narration; for I could not endure to hear from Grecian lips the disgraces we have experienced. I was covered with confusion, and Philocles, after gently reproving me for my want of philosophy, turned the conversation to other topics, with that urbanity to which I have lately been a stranger, and which is certainly one of the greatest consolations in life; but his conversation has reminded me of pleasures which I ought to forget, if I would expect to enjoy any degree of content in these deserts; and I fear the vivacity of my imagination may make me pay too dear for the momentary happiness I have indulged in conversing with a man of genius and education.

I anxiously inquired of him whether he had

* Velleius Paterculus.

gained any information of the state of Rome since our captivity; and I find that in this particular he has not been more fortunate than myself. The answers he has given me, relative to the almost universal destruction of our army, have made me more wretched than I was while I could please myself with supposing improbabilities. He informs me, that all were destroyed on the field, except the tribunes and centurions of the first ranks, whom I saw massacred in the sacred wood, and a few prisoners who have mostly fallen to the share of the Marsians. This dreadful certainty has renewed all my grief; I mourn for my friends as if they were this moment lost; and yet I cannot express to you the satisfaction which I feel in the hope of having Philocles near me. I shall think myself no longer a solitary being, in the midst of a crowd who can take no part in my sufferings; I shall even be able to improve myself in various branches of literature and philosophy, which the Grecian possesses in a supreme degree: solitude with such resources will have lost its horrors, and my heart may once more open itself to social delights: I cannot describe to you my impatience for his return.

LETTER VIII.

MY wishes have been gratified, and a long interval of my captivity has been rendered less irksome by the society of a polished mind. Philocles is my fellow slave, or rather, by the indulgence of Cariovaldas, he enjoys almost equal liberty with myself; however, I cannot wholly conquer the prepossessions of the chief against him; he makes a great distinction between us, and I perceive that the liberality with which he treats him is entirely on my account, and in consequence of my continual repeated recommendations.

The pleasing conversation of this philosopher compensates many of my sufferings; his cheerfulness is invincible, and the variety of his knowledge is a source of constant entertainment; nay, what is incomprehensible even to myself, who am spectator of the prodigies which he brings to pass, he has gained the affection and excited the curiosity of all the Cheruscans of this district, except Cariovaldas; he has not

been above three months my companion, and he has already made a greater progress in the minds of the people, than I have done in near two years of residence amongst them.

You know his figure is commanding, his countenance infinitely pleasing, his voice melodious, and his elocution easy and natural; though you would imagine the last of these advantages to be of little consequence to him in Germany, as he has taken no pains to acquire the language, and is not likely to find many Cheruscans who understand Greek. You remember how unwillingly he spoke Latin at Rome, and with what difficulty we prevailed on him to lay aside his usual prejudices, and to hold a conversation in the language of our country, when he was invited to the Villa of Valerius, who so often expressed his disgust at this vanity which prevails among the Grecians, and who never gave way to it, except when they came to implore his protection. Philocles now converses partly by signs, and partly in Latin, with those who understand our idiom; many of them having acquired the means of expressing themselves by their frequent wars with the Romans, and their long intercourse with our armies. I could

not forbear remarking to him the necessity to which he was reduced; he replied, it should not continue long, that of two foreign languages he preferred the least barbarous, meaning the language of Rome, but hoped he should soon induce the Germans to utter sounds more analogous to his ideas: this hope seems not to be groundless, since he has already formed a school, and instructs his pupils with astonishing patience and assiduity.

One of the principal causes of his popularity is the connexion he has made with Norbert, chief priest of the neighbouring wood. He has openly professed himself his admirer and disciple, attends him every day to be initiated in the traditional knowledge of the country, and, at his return, relates to me the various circumstances of their worship and belief, with which I was before unacquainted. You know his sentiments in regard to religion, and therefore will imagine he makes no scruple of submitting to any ceremony, which may answer the purpose of curiosity or speculation: he has even captivated the friendship of Vercennis, by listening to her rhapsodies and explanations of the gift of prophecy, with which she supposes herself endowed. His botanical studies, which he pur-

sues with great ardour, gave him the reputation of collecting herbs for the purposes of magic; in which he at first endeavoured to undeceive the people; but finding their opinions only more confirmed by his denials, he now gives them leave to conjecture that he is a learned magician, but that he is more willing to employ his art for the benefit, than for the detriment of mankind.

As he is no longer in the prime of youth, and assumes a gravity and austerity of manners which I never observed in him during his residence in the Roman camp, the young people of both sexes are encouraged by their parents to cultivate his society. He has chosen for his habitation, amongst the caves destined for the better order of slaves belonging to Cariovaldas, a grotto overgrown with ivy, conveniently situated on the banks of a small rivulet, and shaded by immense oaks; the place is not unpleasing, and here he seats himself with his lyre, and sings to a numerous auditory the praises of those Divinities who are adored in common by the Greeks and Germans, such as Apollo,* Vulcan, and Diana. The number of his visitors daily in-

* Cæsar's Commentaries, Book 6.

creases, and it is not uninteresting to behold the group that is formed around him: at night he explains to them the motions of the celestial bodies, teaches them the Grecian names of the stars, and is now beginning to initiate them in the fabulous history of those personages who have given their names to the different constellations. There is so much of the marvellous in this part of his astronomical instructions, that it makes a deep impression on his hearers, and greatly adds to their veneration.

His time is thus engaged in diversified employments, and he often exhorts me to make use of similar means, to conquer the melancholy by which I am engrossed. When we are alone he composes orations, and repeats them with such grace and energy as raise my wonder, and excite my emulation; but the moment he departs, I relapse into my usual despair, or employ my thoughts in forming wild schemes for my return to Rome; while the improbability of ever putting them in execution only increases my impatience, and causes these ideas to take still faster hold on my imagination.

LETTER IX.

OUR philosopher is become the oracle of the Cheruscans: he has instructed many in the language of his country: he has access to every habitation, and, by a special favour, the priests have enjoined Cariovaldas to free him from the condition of a slave. A portion of ground has been allotted for his subsistence, and he has found means to render his cave, and the hut which he has built over it, more commodious and more agreeable than I could have imagined possible in so barbarous a country. He has introduced many articles of furniture, executed not without ingenuity from his instructions; he has laid out a garden, and filled it with various plants, which he observed growing wild, and which culture has rendered useful and pleasing.

Two days since was celebrated the feast of the summer solstice; the Germans have on this occasion many superstitious ceremonies, at which Philocles assisted. Towards evening he invited

to his habitation the priests, bards, and principal chiefs of the neighbourhood. A collation of various fruits, herbs, and milk, prepared in a different manner, before unknown to his guests, was served with a neatness and propriety of which they had no idea. The table was spread in a grove, on the borders of the rivulet; every person was crowned with flowers; and perfumes, extracted by the direction of Philocles from various odoriferous shrubs, were showered on the company, according to the custom of the Greeks, from vases which he had prepared for that purpose. As soon as the collation was removed, twelve youths and virgins, trained by him to imitate the dances of the Athenians, and guided by the melody of a flute, not ill managed by one of his pupils, advanced, and celebrated the triumph of summer, saluting the western sun with various ceremonies, borrowed partly from the Greeks, and partly from the Germans. After this, from behind the oaks, appeared a beautiful young woman about eighteen years of age, clothed in white, with a purple girdle, on which was embroidered the image of the sun; her head was crowned with ears of corn, and her auburn hair, disposed with artful negligence, hung in ringlets on her shoulders; the

dazzling whiteness of her complexion, the celestial azure of her eyes, the air of ingenuous candour in her countenance, the simplicity and modesty that appeared in all her actions, attracted my whole attention, and made me suppose myself in a dream. She advanced while the dancers formed themselves into a semicircle behind her, and having, in graceful and slow measures, paid her adoration to the sun, she fixed herself in the most elegant attitude, with her eyes directed to the radiant globe, till it was lost beneath the horizon; then with a soft air, and tuneful voice, she sung an ode in praise of Apollo, the other virgins and youths accompanying her as a chorus.

The whole assembly was struck with amazement, and considered Philocles as something more than mortal. I will own to you, Septimius, my thoughts were, at that moment, differently engaged. I had recognized the features of several of the dancers, but the beautiful representative of summer was entirely unknown to me, and I anxiously wished to discover her. Philocles smiled at my surprise, and assuring me he had made a mystery of this entertainment merely to divert me from the melancholy that preyed upon

my spirits, promised, when we should be alone, to give me every intelligence I might desire.

The lovely dancer, and her companions, retired into the grove, and disappeared. The guests sat late, and, according to the custom of their country, returned to their habitations almost in a state of stupefaction. I had long before left their society, and joined Cariovaldas, whom I found sitting in a thoughtful posture at the door of his dwelling; I told him that I regretted his presence was wanting to the pleasures in which I had been a sharer. He answered with a sigh, "Marcus! your Grecian, without apparent design, fights the battles of the Romans; the bold and steady Marius, the great and ever victorious Cæsar, the noble Drusus, and the cautious and skilful Tiberius have never done so much injury to the Cheruscans as the seducing and deceitful Philocles. You are too young, too honest, and too brave to perceive the ills into which he is plunging this unhappy nation; yes, my generous enemy, you must weep over us; if you could imagine how one man has already succeeded in sowing the seeds of corruption amongst us. You would seek to conquer us by open and noble hostility; but this man, under the mask of friendship, is

undermining the solid basis of our glory, and poisoning the sources of our courage and patriotism. He has already seduced our instructors, the guardians of our laws, and the scourges of our crimes. But I have at least not to reproach myself with authorising, by my presence and example, the illusion which spreads so rapidly through this district."

Cariovaldas spoke these words with peculiar energy, and I had never before seen him so much animated. I took, however, some pains to plead for Philocles, and endeavour to convince the chief, that polished manners, and elegant studies, far from corrupting the mind, tended to heighten and improve every honourable sentiment. He made no reply, but retired in apparent ill-humour.

LETTER X.

THE Grecian returned late, and not waiting for my inquiries, told me that the amiable person who had seemed to make some impression on me, was named Bertha; that she was the daughter of a chief, related to Arminius; and that her father had fallen in a skirmish with the Romans: that she lived with his only surviving brother, at a small distance from the sacred wood; and that her uncle and protector was the intimate friend of Norbert the chief priest, with whom he had often visited their habitation, and instructed the young and ingenuous Bertha in the language and music of the Athenians. He spoke much of the sweetness of her temper, and of the progress she had made in her studies, but complained of her wanting animation and vivacity. "She is," added he, "greatly attached to the religion of her country, and scrupulously observes its most superstitious rites; she looks on its ministers as the interpreters of the Gods, and treats me with the same kind of deference and respect, because I

have been introduced to her as a friend and disciple of Norbert."

I hope, answered I, that you will never give her cause to repent of the confidence she has placed in you; and I am certain that Philocles has too much delicacy of sentiment to entertain any ideas repugnant to that respect which is ever due to innocence and candour. However, I must inform you that Cariovaldas is by no means pleased with your success among the Cheruscans; I would advise you to be more cautious, and rather to introduce those customs of your country that may tend to improvement than delight.

"As for Bertha," replied the philosopher, "I have had no other view in her instruction than the desire of improving a mind and person not unworthy of my cares. You cannot suspect a man, who has lived more than thirty years amongst the most beautiful and accomplished women of Greece and Italy, to be enraptured with the mere natural charms of a young barbarian; particularly a man who has other pursuits and more serious studies. My chief motive for placing her, as the principal figure, in my group of dancers, was to give you the agreeable surprise of a moment; and my instructions will only serve to scatter a few flowers in the thorny path to which fate

has condemned her. The fears of Cariovaldas are natural to the ignorant, and I heartily forgive him for despising refinements of which he can never know the value. Let him console himself with the assurance that during his life the Cheruscans will neither be too learned, nor too elegant; many ages revolve before a barbarous nation becomes civilized, and the lapse from civilization to effeminacy requires a succession of years, though I will own its gradations are somewhat more rapid than those of the former."

"But," said I, interrupting him, "do you not allow the possibility that a nation may sink into effeminacy without ever having risen to civilization?"

"I do not believe this probable of the Germans," answered Philocles a little disconcerted; "I have neither the power nor intention of corrupting them; but if I could substitute gentleness of manners for the haughty ferocity which forms their present character, surely I should do them no inconsiderable service. This nation, not unlike your Romans in the first ages of the republic, is attentive to observe every kind of discipline that strengthens the body; but pays little regard to the universally allowed superior cultivation of the mind."

"It is certain, Philocles," answered I, "both the mind and the body require exercise and attention; but there is something still more important, which is often neglected by polished as well as barbarous nations; this our ancient Romans never forgot, I mean the improvement of the heart."

"It is just," said Philocles; "I agree with your maxim, and as a proof of my approbation, I leave to you the care of forming the heart of my fair pupil: I have reason to believe you will not be displeased with the employment."

After these words, which he accompanied with a smile, he left me to my reflections; which in my next letter, Septimius; I will communicate to you.

LETTER XI.

AFTER Philocles had left me, I attentively considered the conversation which had passed between us, and revolved in my mind the whole of his conduct since his arrival in this country. I will confess to you, Septimius, that I began to be nearly of the same opinion with Cariovaldas. Bertha had pleased me—you know I am not insensible to the charms of beauty, but the manner in which the Grecian spoke of her to me had too much the air of design not to excite in me some degree of contempt for him, and much compassion for her. At that instant the remembrance of Aurelia came to my assistance; I considered Philocles as a man who wanted to drive her from my thoughts, and engage me in a snare, which might make me insensible of his treacherous intentions against the persons who had first received him on my recommendation. The more I gave way to this idea, the more my suspicions and dislike of the philosopher augmented; but if I could

no longer give him my esteem, where should I find a friend, a companion? This reflection affected me: I wished to suppose his intentions innocent, that I might not lose the satisfaction I experienced in his society: however my doubts were too great to allow me to seek for a justification from himself: I knew his eloquence, and feared his power of persuasion. The next day I avoided him, and sought every opportunity of conversing with Cariovaldas; but he is seldom communicative, and always reserved: I admire his virtues, but can form no intimate connexion with him. It is said his son is more polished than most of his countrymen, and yet possesses all their firmness and sincerity; how unfortunate am I that he does not inhabit this part of the country! Yet, O Septimius! what could make me amends for thy absence? Shall we never again enjoy those hours of confidential intercourse, which completed our mutual happiness, and confirmed us in every noble pursuit?

I have still some reason to believe that Philocles is not so guilty as I at first imagined; the natural genius of the Greeks leads them to cheerfulness and a love of amusement: whether they are more reprehensible than those who pass their lives in gloomy solicitude, deserves at least to be

examined; and nothing but an insensible being could reject the desire of associating virtue with pleasure.

I have determined to watch narrowly the conduct of our philosopher, and should there be any truth in the suspicions of Cariovaldas, will use every effort to repair the injuries of which I may have been an involuntary promoter. This morning I found him at the entrance of his cave, surrounded by his pupils, amongst whom was the lovely Bertha, who had accompanied her uncle: I saluted her respectfully, and she seemed much confused at my appearance, returned a few words to the compliment I made her on her performance at the celebration of the feast of the solstice, and took her place to listen attentively to the lessons of Philocles.

His imagination easily furnishes him with instructive fables, and his eloquence conveys them in terms so pleasing and so well chosen, that I shall wrong him by repeating them from memory; yet I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of giving you an idea of this morning's lesson, with the sentiments of which I found myself greatly interested, though I know not whether they had the same effect on the rest of his auditory. Vanity, it is true, may be often found

amongst uncivilized nations, as it is the usual companion of ignorance; but its growth is infinitely more luxuriant in cultivated soils. This fable was originally composed at Rhodes, in answer to a question of Tiberius, who, strangely fond of mythological subjects, once gave the following question, as a theme to various men of letters, whom he had assembled,

"WHAT WAS THE USUAL SONG OF THE "SYRENS?"*

You will judge whether the answer of Philocles was well adapted. He reports that Tiberius, at that time disgusted with the world, and tortured by hopeless ambition, applauded highly the moral of the fable, and heartily joined in censuring the vanity of others, while he despaired of ever gratifying his own.

* Life of Tiberius. The islands of the Syrens are three rocks, nearly opposite the Cape of Minerva, in the Gulph of Sorrento. A colony of Eubœans are said to have peopled all the coast near Naples.

THE SYRENS.

THE Sea Nymphs, who presided over the beautiful coasts of Hesperia, having long observed with compassion the wrecks occasioned by the delusive song of the Syrens, appeared at the court of Olympus, and in a suppliant manner besought that Jupiter would put an end to the allurements of the fatal rocks. They represented to the Father of the Gods that the innocent and guilty were alike exposed to destruction, since scarcely a vessel passed near the spot without meeting its ruin; and they requested he would find some other means to punish the undeserving, and remove an illusion by which so many heroes had perished.

Jupiter listened calmly to their remonstrances, and answered in the following manner.

"You might have been assured, O Nereids! that whatever is done on your globe is conformable to my intentions; consequently you had no right to question the justice of a punishment, of which the Syrens are only the ministers. You confess that many of the victims are deserving of their fate; and I shall now deign to convince you that all who are shipwrecked on the rocks, which have excited your displeasure, merit that com-

passion alone which superior beings naturally grant to the errors of mortals. Repair to those fatal islands, and attend to all that happens."

The nymphs obeyed, and took their station on the rock belonging to the elder of the Syrens. They observed that the allurements of the two younger had destroyed more numerous, but more ignoble victims; such as the votaries of sloth, pleasure, interest, and other passions of the meaner sort: they were therefore desirous of being informed in what consisted the magic of the most powerful seducer, before whom the proudest vessels had struck.

The first that appeared was a stately galley richly ornamented, and impelled by a prosperous wind: the sails were of purple, and on the banners shone the eagle of Jupiter, embroidered in gold: on the prow stood a man of beautiful aspect and majestic figure; he held a golden sceptre in his hand, and his temples were bound with a sacred fillet.

No sooner did the vessel approach the shore, than the Syren thus began her song:

"All hail to thee, Diocles! high priest of Jupiter! beloved by Gods and men! prosperous be thy voyage to the Sicilian shores, where the thronging inhabitants of Syracusa are waiting on

the port with eyes raised to heaven, in longing expectation of thy arrival. Hear, O my sisters! hear, O ye Tritons and Nereids of the Eubœan coasts, the virtues of Diocles and the favours bestowed on him by the immortals."

"Born of a distinguished race, adorned with all the graces of mind and person, Diocles was early set apart for the service of Jupiter: educated within his temple, he learned, not only the sacred mysteries of his profession, but every elegance which art and literature can inspire. The favour of his sovereign, who raised him even superior to envy, only served to gain him more effectually the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Which of the inhabitants of Syracusa had not reason to applaud the choice of their prince? Which of them did not owe some advantage to the influence of Diocles? What thousands of poor received daily nourishment at his gate! what numerous and splendid gifts he bestowed on the temples of the Immortals! with what dignity he has always supported the sacerdotal power, and what magnificent banquets are the share of those guests whom he honours by his invitations! Such, Diocles, has been thy life; and what can be more glorious than thy late negotiation with the priests of Janus in Etruria!* The care of the high

* The ancient name of Tuscany.

temple of Jupiter in Syracusa, the first sacerdotal honours of thy country, have been granted thee as a reward: return, and enjoy them."

Whilst the Syren continued her song, the Nereids watched the countenance of Diocles, who could not conceal the pleasure he felt; the cup of libation, which he was rearing to salute the fane of Minerva on the opposite promontory, fell from his hands: he wished to hear more distinctly the song of flattery: he commanded the pilot to steer closer to the rock, and in an instant the dreadful eddy swallowed up the sacred and magnificent galley.

Soon came in sight another vessel, less pompous than the former, but large, and well equipped; nothing could exceed the skilfulness or discipline of the crew; they were commanded by an aged personage of a thoughtful and severe appearance.

"Blessed be thy presence," cried the cruel Syren, "just and wise Sophronomos! famed is thy government over all the plains of Hesperia; the cities of Campania,* restored to their pristine tranquillity by thy prudent and firm authori-

* Now called Terra di Lavero, part of his Sicilian Majesty's dominions.

ty, applaud thy wisdom, while they bend beneath thy laws. How far superior are these honours to the distinctions of birth! Thy advancement is owing to thy ability and talents, and with reason thou lookest down on those of noble blood who have remained so far behind thee. Fear not the power of fate, since thy wisdom raises thee superior to its influence."

Sophronomos was not more insensible than Diocles to the charms of adulation, but commanded the pilot to direct his vessel nearer to the rock. In vain did the fearful mariner endeavour to oppose his will—the wise legislator was obeyed and perished.

A light and well-armed galley next appeared: youth, liveliness, and vigour distinguished the rowers; the song of triumph resounded through the ranks, and at the head of the troop was seen a warrior in shining armour; his eyes sparkled with fire, his every action was noble and assured, a lofty plumage nodded on his crest, and he seemed impatient at the situation to which his ardour was confined.

"Glorious Aristomachos!" exclaimed the Syren, "the Eubœan shores salute thy trophied galley. Mighty conqueror! receive our adorations. Accustomed from thy earliest years to the applause

of an admiring world, disdain not the congratulations of the nymphs of these rocks; approach, and know how well we are informed of thy exploits in the army of the warlike king of Thrace, with whom thou enteredst on thy career of victory, when, indignant at repose, thou hadst left thy paternal house, and native Macedon. We are not ignorant of thy conquests in Magna Grecia, where thy victorious arms, at the head of this adventurous band of young warriors, subdued the proud Crotona,* and the delightful Sybaris;† of thy late distinguished success before the haughty Rhegium,‡ whose stately bulwarks in vain opposed thy courage—may thy conquests extend from pole to pole, and may thy laurels ever bloom refreshed with the blood of new enemies."

Neither Aristomachos, nor his friends, could resist the seduction: they drew near the rock, and the boasted conqueror fell before the Syren.

While the Nereids were lamenting his fate, the gentle music of a lyre was heard from afar,

* Ancient cities of Magna Grecia, long since destroyed.

† Sybaris is supposed to have been near Corigliano.

‡ Reggio, a city of Calabria, opposite to Messina.

and the notes, wafted on the light wings of the zephyrs, announced on the prow of a Lesbian vessel the poet Terpander, whose skilful hand touched the lyre, while his voice accompanied the harmonious sounds in sublimest verse. He sung the creative power of fancy; the magic of eloquence; the piercing eye of science; the divine inspiration of poetry; the breathing marble, and animated colours. Attentive to his own song, it was long before he heard that of the Syren: but scarcely had he listened for a moment, when his skill failed him, his hand no longer distinguished the chords of his instrument, and the unfinished accents died on his tongue.

"Celestial poet!" sung the Syren, "without thee, what are sages and heroes? It is by thy art alone they are rendered immortal. What wonder if thou art sought and courted more than monarchs? Approach, approach, and let me learn to imitate the heavenly strains of a mortal."

Terpander obeyed, and his vessel was dashed to pieces. The Nereids wept his fall, wondering that the folly of vanity should be joined with such superior talents, and were now convinced of the justice of Jupiter. "What avail," said they, "virtues or qualities of which the possessors are

so vain? Know they not that all they enjoy, all that distinguishes them, is the gift of heaven: or dare they attribute its favours to their own merit? They are justly punished for their ingratitude. Let us depart with this useful lesson, never to question the decrees of our immortal sovereign."

They were about to leave the rock, when the voice of the Syren being again heard, they turned to see what vessel was to be next the prey of the cruel sisters.

They were astonished to perceive only a small boat, in which were a few persons simply dressed. The rays of the setting sun shone directly on a young man of lofty stature, whose animated and open countenance expressed all that sensibility, spirit, and virtue can inspire. His companions seemed to treat him with respect, though he took on himself the most laborious part of the duty; and while the small number of rowers made the bark advance slowly, the Syren addressed the chief in these words.

"Godlike Eumenes! truth itself would appear to be the fable of adulation, were I to recount all thy virtues, all thy glorious deeds. Brave companions of this excellent youth, you, who have shared his dangers, and his praises, bear

witness to the truth of my word! your hero, your Eumenes, born of a noble family in Samnium,* trained up to arms from his infancy, is equally versed in the studies of a philosopher, and the duties of a warrior. You know the glory he acquired in defending his country, and revenging his father's death on the base Lucanians, who, by treachery, had defeated that brave and experienced general. You know the honours bestowed on him by the Samnite council; his generous forgiveness of those enemies whom jealousy had raised against him; his unexampled kindness to his friends, and his impartial justice towards all men. You know that he resigned the government of the republic, because he could not, without confirming the authority of a tyrant, enforce such laws as alone would render his fellow-citizens virtuous and happy. Every Samnite repeats, with admiration, the eloquent discourse which he pronounced when he gave up the reins of empire, and resolved to retire to the island of Prochyte,† there to pass his days in tranquillity, study, and friendship. O glorious young man! why should not the universe be acquainted with thy wisdom and thy virtues? Ap-

* Now part of the kingdom of Naples.

† Procide, an island near Naples.

proach nearer; hear how thou art revered on these coasts; how the Eubœan people are resolved to restore thee to thy republic with greater honours than before, to vindicate thy rights, and to establish the sovereignty of thy laws."

The Syren would have continued, but the boat was out of sight. The hero smiled, and with a blush, turning to his companions, said, "How meanly must yonder nymph think of me, if she supposes that I would arrogate to myself any merit from my conduct. I have only consulted my own heart, and I could not have acted otherwise. I wish for the approbation of the virtuous, but I care not for the suffrage of a giddy multitude, since I have sufficiently experienced the follies of ambition."

The Nereids quitted the rock, and accompanied the humble bark to the island of Prochyte. Eumenes and his companions went on shore: but while they were preparing a sacrifice of thanks, a deputation from the senate, and people of Samnium, arrived, and entreated his return, as a new war was impending, and his aid was become necessary. He neither hesitated, nor made any terms with the ambassadors, but flew to save his country, and was victorious.

The Nereids returned to the court of Olym-

pus; they bowed their heads before the throne of Jupiter. "Dread Sovereign!" cried they, "thy decrees are just, and we deserve to fall as victims before the rocks of thy ministers, if we ever more presume to set our judgment in opposition to thy wisdom."

LETTER XII.

I WAS told that Cariovaldas expressed some satisfaction on hearing the subject with which Philocles entertained his disciples. I took this opportunity of observing to him, that his fears might probably be groundless, and that Philocles would perhaps find the way of rendering virtue amiable, and pleasure instructive.

"Tell me," said he, "whether you informed him of my disapprobation; I can make no answer to your remark till you have satisfied my curiosity in that respect."

I replied, that on the same evening in which he mentioned to me his apprehensions, I had warned the Grecian to be more circumspect in his conduct.

"I thought so," returned Cariovaldas, "his artifice is great, and his hypocrisy sufficient to deceive nations far more knowing than the Cheruscans. The man who can employ the language of virtue in the cause of vice, is the most dangerous of beings. Marcus, he is not worthy of your

friendship; even you he endeavours to seduce in the only way by which he can hope to prevail on the steadiness of your temper; think what must be the fate of the wretched victim who has innocently become the minister of his designs. I was the friend of Bertha's father, and though her uncle, blinded by his veneration for sacerdotal influence, assists your Grecian in his unworthy plan, do not imagine I will suffer this maid to be sacrificed, or you to bring on yourself eternal remorse. Had you been less attached to the chimerical idea of rejoining your legions, and returning to Rome, of which, believe me, there is not the smallest probability, I would have adopted you for my son, and made you the brother of Sigismar. I would have given you possessions sufficient for your subsistence, and would have obtained Bertha for your wife; but you rather choose to consider yourself as our enemy, and I cannot force on you benefits which you refuse to accept."

I was affected, Septimius, with the generosity of the chief, and could not forbear expressing my gratitude; but at the same time assured him it was not possible that I could relinquish the hope of one day returning to my duty, and

spending the remainder of my life in the service of my country.

"Your life is but commenced," replied Cariovaldas, "and you have to choose between many years of discontent, of vain hopes and fruitless wishes, and a series of calm and tranquil enjoyments amidst friends, who, if they have not the elegance and instruction of your countrymen, possess greater sincerity and truth. We cannot boast of the Alban or Falernian grape, but our beverage is unmixed with poison: if my reflections give you pain I will not repeat them; only I conjure you to beware of Philocles. I do not insist on your avoiding his society; but by remarking his behaviour, you will be convinced that I do not wrong him, and will one day return me thanks, or honour my memory, for having saved you from ruin and disgrace."

What will you say, Septimius, when I tell you that your friend, after hearing these words, and being deeply impressed with a sense of their truth, after having formed a resolution never more to place confidence in Philocles, and, if possible, to avoid speaking to Bertha, since neither my duty nor my honour would allow me to accept the proposal of Cariovaldas, or second the designs of Philocles; what will you say when you

are informed, that, without knowing the true sentiments of my heart, without daring to reflect on what may be the consequence of my conduct, I have fallen into the very errors against which Cariovaldas had warned me?

I had scarcely left him, when wandering into the woods without any other design than that of diverting my thoughts from the painful images on which they dwelt, I chanced to cast my eyes on a large oak, the bark of which seemed to bear the impression of Roman characters. On a nearer approach I found, to my great surprise, my name carved on the surface, and for a moment felt sensations scarcely possible to be described. I flattered myself that one of my countrymen was near; I looked round with anxious hope—all was solitude and silence: I could not prevail on myself to leave the wood, still waiting in the expectation that I should meet some long-lost friend, when, on a sudden, a person advanced through a winding path that led to the place where I stood, but on seeing me fled with amazing precipitation. My curiosity prompted me to follow with equal rapidity, till a rivulet intercepting the flight of the object I pursued, I found, not without astonishment, that it was Bertha, whose confusion was so great, that

it gave me the strongest suspicions of her being the unknown writer. However I had sufficient command over myself not to put a question to her which must have increased her embarrassment and distress: she endeavoured to recover her spirits, and having a spear in her hand, told me she came into the wood with an intention of hunting. There was no way of extricating ourselves from the labyrinth into which her flight had led us, but by returning through the same mazes we had already traced, which naturally brought us to the oak, where her blushes plainly discovered that my suspicions had not been ill founded. Here we were met by Philocles, who having less delicacy than myself, and perceiving at the same instant the writing and the confusion of Bertha, induced her, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, to confess that she had made this use of his instructions in that dangerous art of which the Cheruscans are in general ignorant.

If, since this adventure, I have not kept my resolution of avoiding the lovely Bertha, I hope Septimius will pardon my weakness, or at least consider the circumstances that may be pleaded in extenuation of it. Yet I cannot wholly excuse myself. The virtue and reserve of Bertha are equal to her ingenuous candour; she flatters her-

self with the hope that I shall relinquish all ideas of returning to my country, and choose her to be the partner of my retreat. In vain have I endeavoured to undeceive her; for while she sees that I pass my hours with pleasure in her company, she has no conception of the different passions that agitate my mind; and unless I obtain some means of leaving this part of the country, I can neither free her from sentiments, which must only end in her unhappiness, nor myself from the attractive power which constantly leads me towards her.

Cariovaldas treats me with unusual rigour: I dare not enter into an explanation with him, though perhaps I could in some measure clear my innocence, but, alas! it must be at the expence of Bertha. Philocles seems to pity my situation, and counsels me to hope that time will afford some expedient to extricate me from this state of perplexity; but are his counsels disinterested?

LETTER XIII.

PHILOCLES continues to instruct his pupils in such a manner as apparently to obviate every objection of Cariovaldas; he endeavours to inspire them with a liberality of sentiment, which seems calculated to raise them from the state of servile subjection to which they are condemned by their monarchs and their priests, and to elevate them to the dignity of thinking beings. I was at first rather disgusted at his compliance with their superstitious ceremonies; but it appears that he only lent himself to them for a while, that he might more effectually gain the confidence of the people, and seize an opportunity of enlightening their minds and giving them more rational notions. Notwithstanding the progress of his philosophy amongst them, he has not lost the affection of the priests: they warmly support his cause against Cariovaldas, who does not cease to demand his expulsion. As to myself, I seem now rather to excite the pity than the anger of the chief: he has had a conversation with Bertha,

who ingenuously confessed to him the event which I related in my last letter: my perplexity is greater than ever, and each day adds new strength to a chain which I have neither courage to break, nor inclination to bear. In the mean time I dare not trust myself to my own thoughts, but am constrained to seek that resource which I never fail to find in the society of Philocles. He is now employed in setting before his auditory the most characteristic parts of the annals of Greece: they listen to them with avidity, and the love of independency has taken strong possession of their minds. He relates to them the successful struggles of the Athenian people in the cause of freedom, the history of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the overthrow of the thirty tyrants, and the death of Agis and Cleomenes, with various other events of the like nature.

LETTER XIV.

MUCH time has elapsed, my dear Septimius, since I have been able sufficiently to collect my ideas to communicate them to you. Doubt, anxiety, and weariness, by turns have taken possession of my mind, and deprived me of all consolation. My situation becomes daily more wretched, surrounded on every side with snares or misfortunes from which I see no hopes of extricating myself.

What means this inactivity in our armies? Is it possible that the Roman people can be so degenerate as to leave unrevenged their own honour, and the manes of three legions, once the flower and pride of Rome; three legions which, even in their fall, were not unworthy the esteem of their country? It is true, that the place which I am condemned to inhabit is remote from the usual station of our troops; but should they not have made their way into the darkest recesses of these hostile regions, and forced our enemies to repent their perfidious triumph? I am told our arms are respected in some of the German pro-

vinces; that Tiberius acts with prudence, and maintains the strictest discipline; that he has even gained some inconsiderable advantages; but should not his avenging arm have dragged to the feet of Jupiter Capitolinus the barbarous nations who have dared to insult the Roman name?

I know Tiberius well: he fears censure more than he loves renown; he wishes only to preserve his interest with Augustus, and will not endanger, by an heroic daring, the reputation he has acquired of an able general, nor will he risk his private fortunes to save the honour of his country. He is circumspect lest he should share the reproaches which have undoubtedly been cast on the unhappy Varus; and yet it is said, that while our army was condemned to disgrace and destruction, the fortunate Tiberius* reduced all Illyria to obedience, and received the applauses of Rome, applauses which our shame must have redoubled. O Septimius! my friend, the companion of my happier days, I envy not thy fame—I rejoice in thy victories—but shall the enemy of Valerius triumph, shall the ruin of our army add laurels to his brows? Have I only lived to contribute to his glory? No, Septimius, I have no

* See the life of that emperor.

hopes of redress, of the return of felicity from such an avenger: I acknowledge his talents, but I abhor his principles.

Whither am I hurried by my passions? My dear Septimius, I have casually heard these circumstances, but I cannot obtain any certain information of their truth. Cariovaldas has strictly forbidden all mention of public affairs in my presence; since my last letter he has been absent several months, and is but lately returned. He offered me to accompany him; but how could I act the part of a robber and assassin? He departed to make an inroad on a neighbouring frontier. What interest have I in their quarrels? The sword which is not drawn in the service of our country deserves not to be crowned with success; yet would you believe it, my friend? so difficult is it to retain a purity of sentiment when oppressed with adversity, that I could scarcely without reluctance, refuse to attend him. The love of action, the desire of leaving Bertha, the hope of death, strongly incited me to accept his proposal, but one serious reflection brought me to myself, and the voice of honour was obeyed. I remained here, and have been miserable; solitude is now my only consolation. I pass my days in contemplation of the wintry torrents that,

rolling down the bleak and barren mountains; root up in their course the lofty fir and venerable oak. Twice have I saved the lives of the wretched inhabitants, whose huts were carried away by the stream: these are the only moments of happiness I have experienced.

The suspicions of Cariovaldas against Philocles are, I am convinced, too true; in my last letter are some expressions which may lead you to think I was deceived in his intentions. I confess that an appearance of virtue and liberality of sentiment had seduced me, but I am now ashamed of my blindness, and of the regard I once entertained for so unworthy a being.

LETTER XV.

OVERWHELMED with despair, and hopeless that my letters would ever reach you, I had given up the consolatory employment of writing. I scarcely know how I have passed the tedious months and seasons that have revolved since I last addressed you. At length I am informed of what has happened at Rome whilst I have been detained in this unhappy country.

Like a man long confined in a subterraneous cavern, whose eyes cannot bear the splendour of the rays which accidentally break in upon his solitude, I am confused and overpowered by the relation of so many and such important events, as are at once presented to my imagination! In the midst of the various ideas which agitate my mind, a gleam of hope appears for the first time to cheer my sorrows, and if I dare not flatter myself with an immediate return to the legions, at least I have reason to suppose that I shall not wear out my life in captive inaction.

A few nights since, on my return from a long

and fatiguing chace, I found Cariovaldas engaged in conversation with a young man, whose countenance pleased and interested me, as soon as they perceived me, he arose, and Cariovaldas telling him I was the Roman who had so long been an inhabitant of their country, he flew to embrace me and offered me his friendship in the warmest and most affectionate terms. The feeling with which he expressed himself affected me greatly: while he spoke I observed that his eyes were moistened with tears. I could no longer retain mine, and, for the first time, Septimius, since I have been torn from all that is dear to me, and condemned to misery and affliction, I felt the consolation of this tender effusion: I soon recollected myself, and endeavoured to hide my weakness from Cariovaldas.

"Marcus!" said he, "you have now a friend; this young man is my son, the Sigismar whom you have so often heard me mention, and who, though he has hurled destruction amongst your legions, is more deserving of your regard and confidence than the traitorous Greek who has no affection but what is centered in himself. The business on which his leader has sent him is of too public a nature to be concealed from you; he will disclose the occurrences which have happened in your

country since your absence; and if success attends our endeavours in the cause of Germany, he may perhaps one day restore you to your former connexions."

You will more readily form an idea of my sensations than I can possibly describe them; you will conceive my impatience, and the various passions which I felt while Sigismar related to me the return of Tiberius* to Rome, his triumph, his second journey towards Illyria, whence he was recalled to take the reins of empire, resigned to him by the dying hands of Augustus; and finally, his exaltation to those honours, which even were they conferred on the most virtuous and most heroic citizen of the republic, would become the seal of despotism and slavery. I know not whether we now deserve to be trusted with liberty, but surely we are not sufficiently degenerate to merit the government of Tiberius.

What a mixture of satisfaction and anxiety I experienced, when Sigismar informed me that the great, the amiable Germanicus,† the only

* Tacitus, Book 1.

† Germanicus Cæsar inherited the name of Germanicus from his father Drusus, brother of Tiberius, received into the Cæsarean family by order of Augustus, who, before

worthy successor of Augustus and Julius, is now left with the command of the legions employed to repel the incursions of the Germans; that he is general of those troops whom I have so long wished to join, and that they, insensible of their duty, have dared to make a pretence of the death of Augustus for committing the odious crime of rebellion, encouraged by the absence of their chief, who is collecting tribute in Gaul. Such is the information given me by the son of Cariovaldas, as received from Arminius, whose ambition and enmity to the Romans have been newly excited by the hopes of easily defeating seditious and undisciplined troops, and who has sent this young warrior to call the Cheruscans to arms.

Sigismar has promised to intercede with Arminius for my restoration to the Romans; the generous youth has a manly sensibility for my situation; and my gratitude, in return, inspires me with the most ardent wishes that he may one day cease to be our enemy. His attachment to his chief, and to his duty, makes him eagerly

he would give Tiberius the title of his son, made him adopt Germanicus. His mother was Antonia, daughter of Marc Antony, and of Octavia, sister of Augustus.

wish to inflame the Cheruscans with the rage of war, but they do not seem inclined to imbibe the sentiments of their leader, though Philocles, notwithstanding his obligations to the Romans, his pretended friendship for the unhappy Varus, and the maxims he has constantly supported by declaiming against war as the scourge of humanity, is now active in the cause of the embassy, and indulges himself in the most injurious expressions against our republic. His example has, however, had greater influence than his exhortations; the people, immersed in the variety of pleasures which he has introduced, or promoted, preserve their accustomed barbarity, but have no longer the spirit of enterprize and patriotism, with which they were formerly animated. Their existence is not become more valuable to them, but they have lost much of the firmness of character which led them to meet death without terror: besides, though they continue scrupulously to observe the outward practices of devotion, and are as attentive as usual to omens and prognostics, they appear now to entertain doubts of a future state, and these doubts, into which the sceptical discourses of Philocles have thrown them, disturb instead of enlightening their minds. They have neither the calm indifference of philosophers, nor

the resignation of men attached to their religion; they dare not oppose the dictates of their priests, but they have little confidence in their wisdom; they pass their lives in pleasures which are become more seducing as they are more refined. They are greater gamesters than ever, because they have now been taught to speculate and make use of advantages which were before unknown to them. Their banquets are more frequent, as they have learned to render them more luxurious; and their fair countrywomen having been instructed to consider reserve as prejudice, join in the general dissipation, and increase it by their presence. Robberies, which were before scarcely known, except when instigated by enmity, are now frequent, and avarice has increased in proportion with prodigality.

Sigismar was astonished at the changes which he perceived in his countrymen. His father, who justly attributes them to the arrival of the philosopher, uses every effort to stop the progress of corruption, and rouse the nation from the lethargy into which it has fallen.

LETTER XVI.

A COUNCIL has been held to debate on the present affairs; and the banquet, which, as usual, preceded the deliberations, was a scene of outrage and confusion. It was agreed to furnish Arminius with supplies for his intended expedition, but the choice of the commander occasioned a violent contest. Cariovaldas, who from his age, his experience in war, his distinguished courage, and his known and acknowledged superiority of abilities, has long enjoyed the honour of leading his fellow citizens to battle, was opposed by a young man, named Morven, whose insolence and inexperience had no other support than the protection of Norbert, and some of the inferior priests, joined to a few factious chiefs, whose youth and want of judgment have suffered them to fall into the snares of the enemies of Cariovaldas. The dispute ran high, and swords were drawn on both sides: much blood was spilt, and one of the intimate friends of Cariovaldas being

killed, the contrary party acquired by his death an evident superiority, and Morven was elected, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the wiser part of the assembly. Sigismar, by his station about the person of Arminius, is excluded from these councils; he therefore was not present, but waited with the greatest anxiety for the event, when his father appeared, and with tears of indignation related what had passed. I cannot express to you the pain I felt on seeing the venerable warrior tear his white locks, throw himself on the ground, and in all the agony of despair, alternately bewailing the death of his friend, and the affront offered to his age and reputation. Though an enemy, and not an inconsiderable one of the Romans, his sufferings, and the injustice done him, afflicted me greatly. I thank heaven we can subdue our foes without wishing they should be humbled by intestine discord: our republic disdains an easy and inglorious conquest, nor would we willingly owe any thing to the evils of perfidy and sedition among themselves.

Morven is the intimate companion and disciple of Philocles: he has imbibed his maxims, and though his talents are not shining, he has made a party amongst the Cheruscans by declaim-

ing against slavery; supporting those whom their crimes have made liable to punishment, and pretending to reform abuses which were either unfelt, or never existed.

Sigismar, indignant at the wrongs his father had suffered, proposed an appeal to Arminius against the election of Morven; but as the principal inhabitants of each district have the privilege of choosing an officer to command them, Cariovaldas is not sufficiently transported with anger, and the desire of revenge, to hazard the liberty of his country by an application to so potent a leader.

"Arminius," said he, "is a great and popular commander: his power could redress the injury that has been done me: but might not some future chief, less just, and less wise than Arminius, make use of this example to break the decrees of a free and lawful assembly? No, I will leave this ungrateful valley—I will retire to the states of Manfred, and serve under him as a private soldier. Amidst the Roman legions I shall find some charitable hand that will put an end to the disgrace of an unfortunate old man, who, after a life of distinction, has no other hopes left, than to perish confounded with the multitude."

Sigismar is inconsolable: I dare not leave him for an instant; his sensibility exceeds my powers of description, and the honourable sentiments, which every moment disclose themselves more and more to my admiration, endear him to me with no common affection.

The venerable Cariovaldas, in the intervals of grief and resentment, testifies the greatest esteem and gratitude for the part I am acting. What must I be, were I insensible to their virtues, and to their unmerited afflictions?

LETTER XVII.

THE complicated malice of mankind could never have invented any thing more dreadful than what is now to be my lot. O Septimius! happiness flies far from your friend—he will not be permitted even to die with innocence—with content—his honour forbids him to listen to the voice of gratitude, of affection, or of justice: let him perish—let his name be for ever erased from the annals of humanity—let Valerius forget that his beloved sister had a son who respected him as a father—let Septimius drive from his memory all thoughts of his unfortunate friend, and let Aurelia forgive that Marcus ever dared—still dares to love her.

I have scarcely power to inform you of the horrors with which I am encompassed; but, whatever is my fate, I wish you one day to receive my justification—read it—absolve me, and then draw a veil over my wretched history.

While I was endeavouring to console the

unhappy Sigismar, while I was assuring him of my inviolable regard, and of the esteem with which his filial virtue, his attachment to his commander, his feeling mind, and the gentleness of his manners inspired me, a deputation arrived from the sacred wood, commanding Cariovaldas and his son to attend at the customary sacrifice to be performed in consequence of the deliberations of the council. They were long absent, and returned with all the marks of horror in their countenance; they sat down without uttering a word; Cariovaldas covered his face with his mantle; Sigismar looked on me, and burst into tears, while in vain I conjured them to explain to me the cause of this increase of sorrow. The chief remained silent; thrice his son attempted to speak, but his tongue faltered, and refused to disclose the fatal mystery. We remained more than an hour in this melancholy situation; the demonstrations of affection and compassion which their grief drew from me seemed to encrease its force; at length Sigismar tore himself violently from my arms, and left me alone with his father. Cariovaldas then uncovered his face, and I perceived with astonishment that he had been in tears. He looked at me with unspeakable tenderness, and, taking my hand, "Marcus,"

said he, "we are stiled barbarians, but we never justly deserved that appellation till now. There exists among us an ancient custom, that, whenever we are doubtful of the event of a war, after having by various means, in vain, attempted to learn our future success, the last* and decisive trial consists in obliging one of our own nation to fight against a prisoner from the country which we are about to attack. The combat must last till one is slain; should it happen to be the Cheruscan we desist from all thoughts of war, but if otherwise, we consider the omen in our favour. This trial has never been made but in the last extremities, and the priests, who are the ordainers and directors of this superstitious practice, have always chosen their victims out of the lowest classes, both of the prisoners and of our people. Judge of my astonishment when, after this morning sacrifice was performed, I heard from the mouth of Norbert the dreadful sentence pronounced against my son, and the friend, the companion who has so long inhabited this dwelling, whom I always regarded as my adoptive child, as the brother of him who is now to be his murderer, or receive death from

* Tacitus de mor. Germ.

his hand. In vain have I remonstrated against the injustice of the proceeding; in vain have I told them that you cannot be considered as a prisoner; in vain have I called the Gods to witness against the ignominy to which their ministers condemn my Sigismar, whose birth and rank should set him far above these sanguinary rites. Their minds are corrupted, justice is driven from their thoughts, and the nation is on their side. Heaven knows I have always opposed this barbarous custom, and while I had any influence here it was not put in practice. This day I have had recourse to threats and supplications, but finding all in vain, I conjured them to change the combatants, and to let the contest take place between some Roman prisoner whom we could obtain from the neighbouring chiefs, and one of the meanest of our troops; but their hatred to me and my family is too evident; they have sworn our destruction, and you, unhappy Marcus! are involved in our ruin. Your age, and that of my son, are nearly the same; your arms are to be equal: I know your valour, and perhaps to-morrow I shall be no more a father; yet, if Sigismar is victorious, I shall never be happy, and his days will be poisoned with perpetual remorse. He has conceived the firmest friendship

for you, and the tender share you have taken in our distress has endeared you to us more than ever."

I remained motionless on hearing the speech of Cariovaldas: I was struck with horror, and the first thought that presented itself to my mind was that of putting an end to my existence, lest I should deprive Cariovaldas of his son, and plunge my sword into the bosom of my friend; but this thought was soon combated by that contempt I have ever had for yielding to despair. My next suggestion was to meet Sigismar in arms, and give myself up a willing victim to his hand: but reflection soon told me this was only another species of self-destruction, rendered still more culpable by making my friend the dispenser of my death, and by relinquishing the cause of honour and my country. How dreadful soever was the idea of entering into a single combat with the man whom I esteemed and loved, with the son of my protector, I was still to consider myself as the champion of my country, and to do my duty with the same ardour as if I was fighting in presence of her legions, by the side of her general, and beneath the wing of her victorious eagles. These last reflections roused me from the torpid state into which I was plung-

ed: I communicated all my thoughts to Cariovaldas, and he embraced me with paternal tenderness.

"O Marcus!" said the venerable warrior, "why are we enemies of the Romans? why does the ambition of your nation, and the headstrong ferocity of ours involve us in these miseries? or rather, why has the refined cruelty of Philocles added barbarity to our sanguinary decrees? Nothing but his instigation could have so far misled our priests. Alas! unfortunate youth! you will never more behold your friends or country! should you deprive me of my child, my forgiveness cannot avail you: the rising moon will behold your blood streaming on the altar of Odin; your death is decreed, that of Sigismar is almost equally certain; for should he remain conqueror, I know his sensibility; he could not survive the dreadful idea of having been the murderer of his friend."

Cariovaldas left me after having given me this information: the latter part of his discourse has been some consolation to my mind. I shall not long feel the remorse that tears my bosom: I know that I shall do my duty; and trust that I shall imprint on these barbarians a respect for the Roman name, that if heaven should grant me

the fatal honour of asserting my country's cause by the death of my friend, I may afterwards by the firmness with which I sustain all the torments they inflict on me, by the constancy with which I meet my death, inspire them with such fear and reverence, that like Porsenna they may acknowledge their error, and avoid for the future the unequal contest between ferocity and valour.

LETTER XVIII.

I WAS perfectly calm, Septimius, when I yesterday finished my letter: I am still determined to do my duty, and you will not suspect me of meeting my fate in a manner unbecoming a Roman. But the unhappy Sigismar has affected me greatly; the friendship he has expressed for me, the hopes he entertained of restoring me to my country, the heartfelt sorrow he has testified in seeing himself constrained to aim his weapon at my breast, all awaken my gratitude and unnerve the arm that should be raised against him. The whole night has been spent in mutual demonstrations of sorrow and affection: I now perceive the east reddening with the approaching morning: as soon as the sun appears we must enter the consecrated wood, and there complete the fatal sacrifice. As my death is certain, and as Sigismar may fall a victim to the genius of Rome, I have requested Cariovaldas to terminate the history of this day, and find means of conveying it to you with the letters I have written

since the night of Teutoburgium. Perhaps it would have been kinder not to renew your grief by the detail of sufferings from which you have long imagined that fate had delivered me; but, while I live, my greatest happiness consists in conversing with Septimius, and in giving him the last and sincerest proof of my esteem by leaving him depositary of my fame.

Should the Roman legions ever discover the place of my death, let them not think of private revenge; the greater number of the Cheruscans are innocent, and when the successful arms of our republic have defeated them in just and honourable battle, let it be forgotten that a Roman expired amongst them: our clemency will teach them gentler manners, and our laws will instruct and humanise them. Farewell, Septimius!

LETTER XIX.

AGAIN, Septimius, your friend addresses you; again he has been snatched from death, and from the fatal necessity of destroying the son of his preserver; but this exemption has been dearly bought, and never will the day return to my imagination without exciting in me the most poignant regret.

Scarcely had I finished what I thought would be the last testimony of my regard for Septimius, when a long procession of youths and virgins appeared, headed by the bards signing the praises of Cheruscan bravery, and supplicating the gods to grant them victory over the Romans. These were followed by many of the inferior priests, who are always armed, and compose the guard of Norbert and his companions of the higher order.

Sigismar long refused to accompany them: he conjured the priests to listen to his remonstrances, he addressed the people, but all was in vain;

the whole assembly remained motionless, and the priests reiterated the commands of Norbert.

I endeavoured to compose the generous youth; I observed to him that our trial would be short, that a few hours would restore me to my long wished freedom, and that whatever was his fate he must remember that we had both obeyed the voice of honour and of our country.

Cariovaldas embraced us without speaking; he seemed calmer than he had been for several days: I again expressed my gratitude for the kindness with which he had treated me, during the time I had lived beneath his roof, and again recommended to him the care of informing Septimius of the events of the day.

We arrived at the sacred wood; it was the first time I had entered it, and I was greatly agitated to perceive many of the trees decked with Roman shields and ensigns: the sight awakened my indignation, and I forgot for a moment every other consideration, but that of revenging the honour of my country. A vast multitude of people followed us into the wood, all without arms, and to my great surprise, each man as he approached the consecrated spot, suffered his hands to be bound by some of the assistant priests; this, I was informed, is the usual custom, and originates

from the belief that they are in this place no longer masters of themselves, but under the immediate influence of the Divinity. The priests alone have their hands at liberty.

A milk white horse was next brought forth, and after the bards had chanted the praises of the God of battle, he was sacrificed on the altar of that deity.

Norbert, and his chief companions then took branches of oak, and dipping them in the stream that passes near the altar of Odin, sprinkled water on the armour of Sigismar: they delivered into our hands two swords of equal length, and bound on our left arms a shield painted with various colours. As soon as we were armed, the signal was given for the attack, when Sigismar looking steadfastly on me, exclaimed. "Marcus! forgive me, and be assured I will not survive you." He then prepared with intrepidity for the combat, the priests encouraging and commanding him to contemplate the trophies of the Romans which his countrymen had suspended in the consecrated grove. This exhortation, I perceived, startled him, and instead of beginning the onset, he ran to the opposite tree: I turned round to observe, and beheld him gazing with fixed attention, on a helmet which I soon knew to be the same I had

worn when conducted from Teutoburgium by Cariovaldas. A golden wolf with Romulus and Remus, of remarkable workmanship, which, as you well remember, ornament the crest, made it impossible to be mistaken.

"Sigismar," said I, "do not consider that helmet as a monument of my shame; you know I meant not to survive the destruction of our army, and would to heaven it could be buried with me in the grave, that no doubt might remain of my conduct; but yet, I trust, my countrymen will not suspect the virtue of Marcus."

"Is this your helmet?" exclaimed Sigismar, with great emotion, "my friend! my preserver! never let this weapon be raised against the wearer of that armour;" at the same time he threw his sword far from him, and continuing his discourse; "Do you remember," cried he "a few days before the battle of Teutoburgium, you commanded a party of horse that was sent to protect your foragers? The inhabitants of the country, who had long complained of these grievances, demanded assistance to oppose you: a skirmish ensued, in which the Germans, though superior in number, were defeated. The combat lasted two hours; during that time many of our people were

killed, others fled, and left their commander exposed to the fury of the Romans: he defended himself long, and declared he would not become your prisoner; you were pleased with his conduct, and nobly gave him his life. That commander was Sigismar; he preserved the remembrance of your generosity, and lamented that his leader from your ally became your enemy; he knows by the helmet, which you then wore, that it was Marcus to whom he owes the air he breathes, the honour he has since acquired. O Marcus! not Arminius himself could compel me to lift my arm against you. But Arminius is too just; he will revenge our cause; he will not suffer these lawless, these sanguinary wretches to triumph in their cruelty."

The chief priests took up the sword which Sigismar had flung on the ground: they commanded their inferior ministers to bind us to the altar; and, declaring that the rites were polluted, and that death alone could expiate our crimes, gave orders for the execution of their summary decree.

At that moment a noise was heard, which increasing by degrees threw Norbert and his companions into evident consternation: in a few minutes we saw Cariovaldas approach, accompanied by two or three of the principal chiefs, and a considerable number of people in arms.

He advanced majestically towards Norbert, seemed astonished at seeing us bound to the altar, and threatened him with immediate destruction if he did not instantly set us at liberty. The priests who surrounded Norbert were greatly alarmed, and even Norbert at first turned pale with terror; but in a moment recollecting himself, and appealing with enthusiasm to the people who accompanied Cariovaldas, he enjoined them, in the name of Odin, to throw down their weapons and obey his ministers. A general panic seized the assembly; the people obeyed, and some of the inferior priests, to whom Norbert had previously given the order to surround Cariovaldas, appeared from amidst the trees, and coming behind the venerable chief, who stood undismayed beside his timid attendants, struck several of their lances into him: he fell, calling on the other chiefs to defend his son and Marcus. The horror of Sigismar at this event gave him strength that seemed more than mortal: he burst asunder the bands that restrained him, and taking up the first sword he found, flew to the defence of his dying father. I, too, with difficulty recovered my liberty, and ran to the assistance of my friend. The action appeared so atrocious to the chiefs who stood near Cariovaldas, that they

exhorted every one to revenge his death. All was confusion and dismay, till at length Norbert, with many of his accomplices fell victims to the just resentment of the populace. We carried the expiring Cariovaldas to his habitation, where the tears, exclamations, and outcries of Vercennis increased the horror of the scene.

The chief, calm and resigned, looked on Sigismar and me with infinite affection: "My children," said he, "I die contented; I have saved you, when I almost despaired of effecting it: with difficulty, and with reiterated entreaties, till I feared it was too late, I prevailed on a few friends to accompany me to the wood. You have seen how they abandoned my cause; but heaven has interposed, and you are free. I have no fear that this action will be imputed to me as sacrilegious; the Divinity cannot protect cruelty and injustice: but had I been manfully seconded, no blood would have been spilt. I am sorry for the death of Norbert and his deluded companions.—My children! your duty calls you separately to defend the cause of your country, but you will ever be friends; and may that eternal Providence, which equally watches over the Romans and the Germans, establish peace and harmony between them!"

He had not strength to say more, and soon after expired with an intrepidity worthy of his character.

Sigismar is so absorbed by sorrow, that he has neither power to act nor think, and I fear his grief will put an end to his existence. The tumult still continues, and the surviving priests have either taken refuge in subterraneous caverns or fled to distant forests. I can write no more, as every moment may be the last of Sigismar.

LETTER XX.

A VIOLENT fever succeeded the agitation of mind into which the various occurrences that preceded and accompanied the death of Cariovaldas plunged his unhappy son. He loved his father with unspeakable tenderness and veneration; and the impression which his assassination left on him, had made him nearly a partaker of his fate. He is now in some measure recovered by the unremitting care of Vercennis; and I have done every thing in my power, by my attendance and consolation, to recall him to life and tranquillity.

The people, after the first vehemence of the tumult had subsided, were in the greatest consternation at these events. They reproached themselves with having violated the sacred wood and proceeded to search all the neighbouring caverns for the priests who were escaped, in order to reinstate them in their dignity, and obtain pardon for themselves. Philocles, who had not

shewn himself during the day appointed for our combat, became afterwards peculiarly active in persuading the people to shake off the yoke of servitude; by representing to them the state of freedom which they might obtain, since fate had delivered them from the authority of their most powerful chief, and at the same time released them from sacerdotal tyranny. He advised them to assert their independency, and take advantage of the important avocations in which Arminius and Segestes were engaged, to maintain themselves in a situation which would soon render them superior to all the attempts of despotism. They have adopted his council with avidity, have driven away the few chiefs who would not consent to their determination in favour of universal equality, and have taken possession of their effects. Philocles is the lawgiver; and while he preaches liberty in their assemblies, he --oys the exclusive advantages of absolute and imited command.

gismar, without assistance, and scarcely d from impending death, has no power of ping the progress of the rebellion: his elity to Arminius adds affliction to his other misfortunes, and his state is truly deplorable.

This morning he received a message from

his general who informs him that the seditions* of the Roman army are appeased by the presence of their leader, who has nobly refused the imperial dignity, which his soldiers desired to confer on him; that our legions have marched into the enemy's country; that the Marsians† are in arms, and that Arminius has excited the the Chattians‡ to join them; that he has sent his wife Thusnelda‖ to her father, to persuade him to take an active part in the war, but has no great hopes of her success, though the subjects of Segestes have entered warmly into his views, and may perhaps compel the monarch to concur with them.

Arminius has commanded Sigismar to join him immediately with such troops as he may have been able to collect, and the unhappy youth makes the last efforts to engage his countrymen to grant the supplies they had promised; but to add to the reasons which already induce them to refuse their assistance, they have re-

* Tacitus, Book 1.

† Marsians, the people near Amersfort. Cluverius.

‡ Chattians, Hessians, &c.

‖ The name of Thusnelda, wife of Arminius, mentioned by Strabo.

ceived from other districts so many accounts of the formidable valour of Germanicus, and of his repentant army, that their minds are intimidated and the orders of Arminius neglected. The people are now more than ever convinced that their leader has little leisure to attend to their rebellion, and the counsels of Philocles prevail without opposition.

I am greatly afflicted to think of the baneful influence of this Grecian on the simple and uninformed minds of the Cheruscans. The predictions of Cariovaldas have been confirmed by his death; and I cannot sufficiently express my veneration for his memory: his enlightened patriotism, his perspicacious and vigilant attention to every duty of a warrior and of a citizen, his unshaken justice and intrepid magnanimity are rarely met with, even in the most enlightened and civilized nations. The grief of Sigismar pierces me to the heart; and the image of Valerius, ever present to my memory, particularly since I have heard the exaltation of Tiberius, torments me with doubts and alarms: perhaps, like Cariovaldas, he may have fallen a sacrifice to the treachery and hatred of a powerful ene my: how great is my impatience to rejoin our standards!

Sigismar proposes to make a visit to Manfred, and has promised that I shall accompany him; he flatters himself that he may obtain assistance from this friend of his father to restore tranquillity and obedience amongst his countrymen, and compel them to furnish the troops demanded by Arminius. He hopes to engage his general to permit my departure; but the uncertainty of these events overwhelms me with disquietude. Sigismar is at present too ill to attempt any thing, and his anxiety to acquit himself of his duty retards his recovery.

LETTER XXI.

THOUGH I have long had too much cause to suspect that the mischief done by Philocles was not unintentional, I am afflicted beyond expression to find that he is the sole author of all that has happened.

The gentle and amiable Bertha, whom I had scarcely seen since the arrival of Sigismar, has been to console Vercennis in the midst of her sorrows. She tells me that Philocles was in council with the priests, in the consecrated wood, the night before the sacrifice, at which the single combat between myself and Sigismar was to have taken place; that he afterwards came to her uncle, and that she was not permitted to be present at their conference; that she was kept at home the following day, and remained totally ignorant of what passed at the sacred wood, till her uncle, at his return, informed her of the murder of Cariovaldas, and the cause which brought on that fatal event. Deeply affected at the dreadful relation, she enquired into the

circumstances, and found it was Philocles who had persuaded Norbert to demand the performance of a rite authorized by their customs, and to name for the combatants the son of Cariovaldas and myself. "If the combat should follow," said he to the deluded Norbert, "and Marcus gains the victory, you will have nothing more to fear from the power of your chief when he has lost, by the death of his son, the influence he possesses over Arminius: if Sigismar has the advantage, you will be freed from an enemy in the person of Marcus, and you will cast an indelible odium on the house of Cariovaldas by compelling them to violate the duties of hospitality; but if, as is most probable, the haughty chief interposes, and uses violence to annul your decrees, you have the fairest pretence to put an end to his usurpation, and assert the rights of your ministry."

"Such," continued Bertha, "was the advice of Philocles, and my uncle has since acknowledged, that he had long perceived him exerting his endeavours to exasperate Norbert, and the other priests, against Cariovaldas; that he was himself seduced by the apparent zeal of the Grecian against those whom he pointed out as enemies to the cause of religion, and that he really

supposed Cariovaldas to be such as he described him. The priests were therefore deceived, and their impious assassination has involved all our country in sacrilegious guilt."

This narrative of the lovely Bertha filled me with commiseration for the Cheruscans, and I cease not to reproach myself for having been an agent in fixing the treacherous Philocles, the murderer of my protector, amongst these unfortunate people. I was affected with the sensibility shewn by Bertha, whenever she spoke of the danger to which I had been exposed, and though every reason forbids me to entertain a thought of forming a nearer connexion with this ingenuous and amiable maid, my esteem and gratitude cannot finish but with my life.

Sigismar was charmed with her person and manners, and I observed that her presence was some alleviation to his woes; but I am much alarmed for his health, his fever is returned with more violence than ever, in consequence of the arrival of another messenger from Arminius, who* relates that Segestes has sent ambassadors to Cæsar, and amongst them his son, who formerly was distinguished with the sacerdotal ho-

* Tacitus, book 1.

nours at the altar of the Ubians, but quitted the priesthood when the war broke out in Germany, and deserted to the rebels; that our general has received him with clemency, and listened favorably to the embassy of Segestes, who entreats his aid to free him from the confinement in which he is detained by his subjects, and to prevent his being forced into a war against the Romans; he adds that Mattium* has been burned, and the Marsians defeated by Cæcina.

Vercennis, on hearing this intelligence, ran into the public place, which was crowded with people, and, in the most passionate terms, conjured them to obey their leader, and assist the other Germans in freeing themselves from the Roman yoke; and then, as if inspired by some superior power, she burst forth in the following exclamation:

"I see, I see the haughty masters of the south fall prostrate before the frozen nations of the pole; their sumptuous palaces moulder into dust, their ruined temples, overgrown with moss, become the habitations of the scorpion and the serpent: their limbs have lost the accustomed vigour, and their hearts no longer gladden at the

* Mattium. Marpurg.

sound of the inspiring trumpet; their mighty empire falls; it falls into neglect and oblivion, while the valiant sons of Teuto,* extend their conquests with unbounded sway. The inhabitant of the soft and luxurious Hesperia yields the imperial crown to the native of snowy regions: the bird of Jove now ministers to Odin; and no longer quenches his thirst in the streams of Tyber, but dips his conquering wing in the Rhine and the Danube."

She continued long in this enthusiastic strain, which, however wild and absurd it may appear to you, Septimius, as it does to myself, yet gave me pain and anxiety. Our liberty, that was once supposed to be founded on the most solid basis, is indeed irrecoverably lost; but our courage still remains, and while that remains, who can rob us of our empire? How far degeneracy may spread what prophet can determine: I tremble at the very thought: Rome may fall—let heaven avert the omen! the imperial honours may have their seat in Germany: but what are

* Teuto, founder of the German empire; the people from him called Teutonics. Odin, their principal Divinity.

imperial honours? It is not the pomp of majesty that constitutes the greatness of the Roman name: it is the uninterrupted succession of ages of virtue that has established our dominion, and enlarged its limits. Should ever this great, this beauteous Colossus fall, a thousand petty kingdoms may arise from its ruins, and each, as it enjoys a part of our dominions, may acquire a part of our glory. Some may arrogate our titles, but none will imitate our virtues, or attain our power; unless, in future ages, the inhabitants of some island, blessed with a love of just and mitigated liberty, should form a government resembling ours in the happier times of our republic, and with daring intrepidity, while they maintain at home the sovereignty of the laws, extend their conquests over the sea, as we have subjected the land. Secure, by their courage and maritime situation, from jealous neighbours, or lawless invaders, they may perfect the great art of navigation, and their triumphant fleets may obtain equal honours with those of our immortal legions.

Perhaps from this rhapsody you will think, my dear Septimius, that Vercennis has infected me with her prophetic spirit. I omitted telling you

that her remonstrances and exhortations were ineffectual; Philocles turned all she said into ridicule, and the inhabitants of this place absolutely refuse to assist their commander.

LETTER XXII.

AT length Sigismar is sufficiently recovered to undertake his journey, and to-morrow we depart for the states of Manfred. My friend has past the greatest part of the evening over the grave of his father, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on him to leave the awful spot. Cariovaldas is buried in the sacred wood, near the place where he was so traitorously assassinated. Sigismar still supposes the priests to have been the sole authors of his murder, and I dare not yet impart to him the information I received from Bertha: his just desire of revenging his father's death on the treacherous Philocles would expose him to certain destruction, at a time when this artful Greek is surrounded by a people devoted to his counsels. Sigismar shall be informed of the fatal secret when he is in safety, under the protection of his father's friend.

As I have reason to hope that my liberty will be granted me, my heart is elated, and I feel sensations of joy that have long been strangers

to my bosom. I have revisited the hills whence I used to look round with despair to the horizon that reminded me of countries inaccessible to a wretched captive. I have returned to the vallies where, on the banks of the frozen rivulet, I often sat for hours, immersed in solitary misery. The prospect is now cleared, and the only reflection that clouds my present happiness is the thought of owing my liberty to the clemency of a man, who betrayed the confidence of the unsuspecting and unfortunate Varus, and whose implacable hatred is constantly employed in raising enemies against the Romans, to whom he was allied by obligations and by treaties.

I am concerned that Bertha should remain amidst her seditious countrymen; but her uncle is still respected by the people, and the vengeance of Arminius will not be long delayed.

Sigismar wishes that his mother would accompany him to the dominions of Manfred, but she will not listen to his entreaties, and has complied with the request of Bertha, to accept of an asylum at her uncle's. I do not mean to bid adieu to this engaging maid, for I could not bear to be a witness of the tears with which I fear she will honour my departure. She merits the regard

of a man whose heart is free from other attachments; she deserves to be fortunate, and amongst the sufferings I have experienced, during my stay in this country, I have scarcely felt any more poignant than what are occasioned by the reflection that I have, though unintentionally, disturbed that serenity which should ever be the portion of beauty and innocence.

The moon shines with unaccustomed brightness; hope diffuses a charm over every object; my shield, my helmet, and all the arms I wore on the field of Teutoburgium, are once more in my possession. The years of my captivity disappear from my remembrance; but what may have happened to my friends during this interval of time? Oh how my heart will beat when I approach the Roman camp! Alas! I am not yet allowed to turn my steps that way: my imagination too eagerly anticipates what I hope; and many circumstances may still occur, to prevent my expected felicity.

LETTER XXIII.

WE are arrived at the dwelling of Manfred, and Arminius is daily expected: a report prevails that Thusnelda, with her father, has been taken prisoner by the Romans; and that Arminius, more than ever enraged, is coming in person to excite the Cheruscans to arms.

Manfred received Sigismar with kindness, and seemed greatly affected at the death of Carioval-das. "That man," said he, pointing to the slave whom he had formerly received in exchange for Philocles, "has twice saved my life at the manifest hazard of his own; once by exposing himself to the fury of a wild boar, that was near destroying me; and a second time, by plunging into the rapid stream which you see before you, to snatch me from beneath its waves. Would to heaven that the Grecian had been as faithful to my friend! I took but little notice of him during the time he remained with me: I found him concealed in a remote corner of the general's pavilion, when we pillaged the camp of

the Romans: he kissed our hands, and begged his life in so abject a manner, that I thought he would be of small utility in my family. I could not trust him with the care of my flocks, lest he should suffer them to be devoured by the wolves; and I only kept him in my service, because I disdained to shed the blood of so defenceless a being. I am now convinced of my mistake, and shall, for the future, remember that the almost invisible sting of the adder may give a more dangerous wound than the tusks of the mightiest beast of prey. I recollect that this Grecian endeavoured to insinuate himself into our favour, by leading us to the tents where the richest utensils and furniture were to be found: but we despised his officiousness, and were astonished at the insensibilty with which he looked on the dead bodies of those who had been his companions and protectors."

I find that Manfred, as well as many other chiefs of the Cheruscans, would be willing to obey their leader, and assist the Chattians against us, but the victory* of Cæcina over the Marsians, and the activity with which he flies from place to

* Tacitus, Book 1. The oration of Arminius imitated from Tacitus.

place, striking terror wherever he appears, deter them from moving. The territory of the Bructerians alone divides this country from our victorious army, and these are so much affrighted at the impending storm, that they talk of laying waste their fields, and retiring to some distant region.

LETTER XXIV.

ARMINIUS is here with a select party of his troops, having left the body of the allied army at a small distance from this place; he was received with repeated acclamations, but he soon put an end to these demonstrations of joy, by declaring his displeasure at the unwillingness shewn by the Cheruscans to assist him in the war. His countenance, naturally open and animated, has acquired from resentment an air of wildness and ferocity: his stature is even above the common height of his countrymen: his eyes are piercing, and his features rather expressive than regular. He was scarce arrived when, enjoining silence by an authoritative wave of his hand, he addressed the multitude in a speech which seemed the voice of indignation and revenge. He briefly informed them of the captivity of his wife, and of what he called the perfidy of her father, demanding arms and warriors against Segestes, and against Cæsar. He spared no reproaches, spoke with contempt of our government and of our legions;

depreciated our successes, and scornfully said, that our mighty emperor, adorned with the ensigns of command, and seconded by a great and powerful army, had no other victory to boast than the enslaving a defenceless woman; while himself had seen three legions, and as many generals fall before him; that he never made war by treachery, or against women; but openly and against warriors, armed for battle. He bad the Cheruscans enter their sacred groves, and see the Roman ensigns which he had dedicated to the Gods of their native country.

"Let Segestes," continued he, "become a willing slave, and bow beneath the yoke which he has imposed on himself; let him restore his son to the Roman priesthood, from which the youth had fled, excited by a transient start of patriotism; but let not the Germans ever forgive the man whose treason introduced between the Rhine and Albis,* the rods, the axes, and the gown. To other nations the Roman government is happily yet unknown, their punishments are unfelt, their tributes unlevied; they have no trai-

* The river Elbe. It is scarcely possible to avoid some mixture of ancient and modern names; where the difference is very inconsiderable, the modern termination is adopted, as for the Rhine, &c.

tors like Segestes. But since you have courageously repelled this bold intrusion; since Augustus, whom his countrymen have deified, and Tiberius, since crowned with dignity and empire, have in vain attempted to ruin and enslave the hardy Germans, shall they fear an inexperienced youth and a seditious army? No; if they prefer their parents, their relations, and their ancient rites, to haughty masters, and new colonists, they will rather follow Arminius, who has ever led them to fame and liberty, than Segestes, who would plunge them in the basest and most ignominious servitude."

The speech of Arminius, and the manner in which it was uttered, had the desired effect: they clashed on their shields with their drawn swords, which is always their signal of approbation for war. The fury was so eagerly caught, and spread so instantaneously, that Sigismar feared for my safety, and would have conveyed me to some place of refuge; but my indignation was raised by the boastful words of Arminius, and had certain death been before me, I could not have resisted the satisfaction of telling him how much he wronged our country. I made my way through the crowd, and drawing near the chief, "Great leader of the Cheruscans," cried I, "be-

hold a Roman who was left covered with wounds on the field of Teutoburgium: he admires your valour but he condemns your injustice; you fought too long and too bravely in our ranks, not to know and acknowledge our courage. When have the Romans conquered by deceit or treachery?"

Arminius looked at me with astonishment; perhaps he recollected my features; he paused for a minute, and then replied.

"Young Roman! your temerity deserves either death or liberty; the first is contrary to my inclination, the second I would grant, if Thusnelda were not a captive."

Be assured, Septimius, that though I come hither in the full persuasion that I should obtain my liberty; though I long more ardently than ever to rejoin our army, I was pleased to find that I should not be indebted to Arminius for so great an obligation. Sigismar, notwithstanding my entreaties to the contrary, has done every thing in his power to induce the chief to restore me to my country, but Arminius has sworn to be inexorable, till he has satiated his revenge, or recovered his Thusnelda. He has commanded Manfred to conduct me into the mountainous part of his territories, and after-

wards join the combined army by a short though difficult passage: this order has not discouraged me; I trust our legions will soon break through all that opposes their conquests, and I am persuaded that I shall not long remain a prisoner.

Sigismar, who is to accompany the prince, expresses the utmost regret at our separation: he has a heart susceptible of every kind and every noble impression: Arminius has testified a just resentment for the death of Cariovaldas, and the rebellion of the district; but his thoughts are wholly taken up by the Romans.

To-morrow he pursues his march through the other parts of the Cheruscan dominions, and has named an early day for the meeting of the different chiefs on the plain where his army is encamped. His vigilance, activity, and presence of mind, are worthy admiration; and he is perhaps one of the bravest adversaries that ever met our legions in the field. Superior in this to other leaders who have opposed our arms, because he does not, like them, withstand the growing power of Rome, but the whole force of our empire in its most powerful state; yet, not all his bravery, nor all his patriotism can justify the deceit to which he owes his first advantage. Stratagems, though my soul disdains them, may be

excusable and even lawful against a declared enemy, and in the midst of actual war; but to undermine the greatness of a nation with whom you are at peace, to wear the mask of friendship till a favourable opportunity is offered to annoy them, such a conduct, from whatever motive it may proceed, degrades the hero and deliverer of his country.

LETTER XXV.

IT was not a vain presage that assured me I should soon rejoin our legions, and owe my liberty to no mean obligation. O Septimius! I now write to you in the midst of a Roman camp, surrounded by my countrymen and fellow soldiers; I have heard the glad tidings that Valerius, that Septimius still lives; you will receive my letters; I shall read the assurances of your friendship: my joy is beyond all expression; let me endeavour to recollect what has passed since my last letter.

After the departure of Arminius and Sigismar, the last of whom seemed overwhelmed with grief when he bade me farewell, Manfred collected about two thousand soldiers and began his march towards the confines of the Bructerians, this being the shortest way to reach the mountains, where Arminius meant he should leave me in confinement at no great distance from the place where the body of the army is encamped. Manfred was not a little disconcerted when he saw

clouds of smoke ascending to the skies from the burning habitations of the Bructerians,* and soon after a great number of the inhabitants flying in disorder from a party of Roman horse. To retire appeared difficult, and not knowing the strength of our forces, he hesitated in what manner he should act: the flying Bructerians related that a body of our troops had entered their territories, while they were themselves laying them waste, that their possessions might not fall into the hands of the enemy; that they had been defeated with considerable slaughter, and that the survivors sought their safety in flight.

In the mean time the flames increased, and the country seemed one continued fire: the soldiers of Manfred took the alarm, and conjured their leader to return by the way he came: he endeavoured without effect to maintain order among them, but the confusion became general, and the darkness occasioned by immense clouds of smoke driven towards us by an impetuous wind from a grove which was on fire to the northward of our party, afforded me an opportunity of escape, which I delayed not to improve. I precipitately rushed into the grove unobserved by my conduct-

* Tacitus, Book 1.

ors, and soon found myself in the midst of the trees. The scorching heat of the air, and the thickness of the smoke, made it difficult to advance; I stopped for an instant to consider how I should proceed, and by the light of the flames perceived at a small distance, between the branches, something that shone with unusual splendour. I imagined that it might be the eagle* of the nineteenth legion, which I had heard was in the possession of the Bructerians: I made my way towards the place, and found a little amphitheatre of trees. in the centre of which on the trunk of an oak taller than the rest, was fastened the ensign so sacred to every Roman soldier. I took it down, and embraced it with tears of joy; but the difficulty now was, to find again the direct road which I had quitted in search of the eagle: it was impossible to return by the same way I came, for the flames had already communicated from one branch to another, and rendered this passage impracticable. In the mean while I perceived the other side of the wood had caught fire from the falling sparks; I knew that no time was to be lost, and forced my passage through the thicket,

* Tacitus, Book 1.

Bructerians, uncertain where they inhabited, their lands were part of the Hercinian forest.

though my clothes and hands were considerably scorched, till at length I found myself clear of all further annoyance from the fire, and with an open view of the country, carrying off the eagle unhurt.

I had scarce time to thank Providence for the unspeakable satisfaction I experienced when I met a party of Roman soldiers, and nothing can equal their surprise at seeing me issue from the flaming wood, with the standard of a legion in my hand. I smiled at their astonishment, and, relating as succinctly as I could the manner of my escape, enquired the name of their commander: they told me it was Lucius Stertinius,* sent by Cæsar to make an inroad on the lands of the Bructerians, and they conducted me immediately to his tent.

I cannot describe, Septimius, my sensations during the short interval between my meeting these soldiers and arriving at the pavilion of Stertinius: the perturbation of mind, the agitation of joy, tenderness, hope, and anxious curiosity lent wings to my steps, and frequently I was obliged to stop for my companions. Stertinius, whom I only knew by reputation, received me with that pleasure which is always

* Tacitus, Book 1.

felt by a brave officer at the sight of a fellow soldier whom he had counted for lost. He knows Valerius, and informs me that he is still at Rome, and constant in his attendance at the senate; that he neither opposed nor assisted Tiberius in his ill-dissembled though successful endeavours to place himself at the head of public affairs; but that he is one of the few senators who, with unremitting diligence and intrepid constancy, oppose every encroachment of sovereign power, and vindicate the remaining privileges of the people. All this you know, my friend, therefore I need not repeat what he related to me.

I am happy to find, that though Tiberius cannot internally be pleased with the steady conduct of Valerius, so opposite to that of many of his rank who have sued for slavery, yet knowing he has no treason to fear from him, but on the contrary support and assistance, while he observes what he has promised to the people of Rome, he courts his esteem, and takes every opportunity to convince him that he sets a higher value on his independent principles, than on the mean adulation of the greater number of the senators. I have little confidence in Tiberius, but I think his interest is concerned in maintaining an appearance of equity.

It appears that Stertinius has no personal knowledge of the family of my Aurelia, nor could he give me any other information concerning you than the certainty of your being alive. To-morrow we hope to join the legions of Germanicus, when all my anxiety will, I flatter myself, have an end.

LETTER XXVI.

HOW vain are our ideas, Septimius! how easily do we imagine that we can inspire others with our sentiments in the same degree as we feel them ourselves! The man of sensibility who is about to take leave of this world, and of those who have made it dear to him, passes his last moments in solicitude for their welfare, and in consoling them for his loss. He expires; a few tears are perhaps shed over his urn, and his connexions return to the common duties of life, to the schemes of ambition, to the allurements of pleasure, or seek new friendships, to drive from their mind the importunate memory of what they have lost. Mankind will ever prefer hopes of the future to regret for the past; and he who in the order of nature must expect to be forgotten, has no more right to complain, than he has to be dissatisfied that the expiring year should give place to the new one.

Pardon me, Septimius, if I address these reflections to you: I will not, I cannot believe you

ave driven from your heart the image of your
riend; but I thought it had been deeply engraven
n another breast, from which I learn it was effaced
lmost as soon as I was supposed to be no more.

Scarcely had we this morning began our
narch, when we were met by the good, the re-
spectable Cæcina,* the friend of my father and
of Valerius; Cæcina, whom forty years of dis-
tinguished service have rendered dear to every in-
dividual of the republic. He was sent by Ger-
manicus to explore the woods and defiles, lest any
ambush of the enemy should impede the legions
on their march; and to build bridges, and raise
causeways over the swamps and morasses, through
which our troops have occasion to pass on their
way to Teutoburgium. This place the piety of
Cæsar is desirous of visiting, that he may pay
the last duties to the memory of Varus and his
soldiers, and satisfy the wishes of his army,
not only moved with compassion for their lost
relations and friends, but for the chance of war
and the general lot of mankind.

Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of the
warrior as I approached; he recollected my fea-
tures, and embracing me with a transport of af-

* Cæcina, for his character and actions, see Tacitus and other authors.

fection that excited my warmest acknowledgments, told me you were at Rome, and confirmed the information which I had received from Sertinius relative to my uncle. But when I enquired after Aurelia, he avoided making any direct answer, only saying that he believed she was in perfect health. Accustomed to respect in him the severity of the ancient Roman discipline, I did not dare to repeat immediately a question of this nature, and was obliged to relate all that had passed during my confinement, and to receive his repeated congratulations on the recovery of the eagle, before I could find an opportunity of introducing again a subject so interesting to myself.

"You are unnecessarily anxious," said he, "to enquire the destiny of Aurelia; a few months after Varus was defeated, she married Cornelius Dolabella, whom you may remember, and will see in the army of Germanicus. He is a young man of merit, and has distinguished himself by his bravery through the whole of the campaign. Aurelia is at Rome, and not less celebrated for her wit than personal accomplishments: she is the ntimate friend of Livia,* the wife of Drusus, a

* Livia, called by some historians Livilla, to distinguish her from the empress Livia: she was the daughter of Drusus and Antonia, first married to Caius Cæsar,

connexion which, were she my daughter, I should by no means approve. The moments of her life fly rapidly, while youth and pleasure strew the path with flowers. I am rarely in her presence, for my rough and antiquated manners would make a strange contrast to those of the brilliant circle that constantly attends a reigning beauty."

I made no reply to Cæcina's reflections: my heart was too full. You know, Septimius, that Dolabella* and myself had long been rivals, and that the preference given to me by the parents of Aurelia was, in a great measure, owing to her influence, which she confirmed by so many demonstrations of tenderness, by so many vows and promises, that I supposed her constancy would ever remain unshaken. Shall I now confess the weakness of my fears? I thought myself so truly, so fondly loved by Aurelia, that I feared her grief for my loss would prey on her health, and perhaps put an end to her existence. If ever my imagination admitted the idea of her being induced by time and the persuasion of her friends, to form an

adoptive son of Augustus; after his death to Drusus, son of Tiberius, and at length to Sejanus. Tacitus, &c.

* Dolabella, a noble family in Rome, branch of the Cornelii, mentioned by Tacitus, and all historians.

union with another, I supposed obedience alone would have directed her choice, and made the sacrifice complete. The graces, the amiable qualities of Dolabella, would, I conceived, have been a bar to his happiness: the rival of Marcus, thought I, will never be allowed to appear in her presence.—Oh! Septimius, did you know how her image has been fixed in my mind, you would not blame my indignation! I often forbore to mention her in my letters, when my thoughts were wholly dedicated to her; I felt more than I could express:—it is past, and I must rather blame myself than her. What right had I to expect she should be faithful to the dead? I wished her happy, and she is so; yet, methinks, a few short months could not efface from her remembrance the most constant, the most ardent of lovers. Pardon me, Septimius, I should reflect that nothing is so irksome, even to the ear of a friend, as tales of love in which he is not himself concerned. Duty calls upon me to shake off this baneful passion, and my only study henceforth must be, to retrieve the hours lost in captivity, and prove myself no unworthy citizen of the republic.

We thought to join this evening the army of our general, but the badness of the roads has

made our march more tedious than Stertinius had expected. We hope to come up with Cæsar to-morrow morning on the field of Teutoburgium; there I shall meet the happy Dolabella crowned with fame. He deserves it: I always knew him brave and generous, and I will not say I should have been better pleased if he had acquired his honours in some other province rather than in Germany, where the ill-fated, the forgotten Marcus was so long an inglorious captive. Oh! had I then known what this day has disclosed, what must have been my rage! my desperation! Thank heaven I can now resume a soldier's duty: the war is not ended: Arminius with greater forces than ever, prepares to meet us; a plenteous harvest of laurels is still to reap; and either they shall strew my grave on these fields, already witnesses of my actions, or bind my temples as I ascend the capitol, to return thanks to immortal Jove for having still preserved Valerius and my friend.

LETTER XXVII.

THIS day, Septimius, has been the most affecting of my whole life; I have no inclination to sleep, and as the messenger, dispatched by Germanicus with his letters to Rome, is to depart at day break, I cannot forbear to relate what has passed since I concluded my epistle of yesterday.

We began our march by moonlight, and, soon after the sun was risen, arrived at the fatal valley, the melancholy aspect of which awakened in the mind of every soldier a mixture of horror and indignation.

On one side* appeared the wide-extended ruins of the camp of Varus, and on the other the woods of the barbarians; in the midst, a field, white with the bones of our unburied legions; some in heaps, as they had fallen faithful to their duty; others scattered where

* Tacitus, Book 1.

confusion and despair had separated them from their ranks. Amongst them lay the fragments of weapons, and the remains of horses confounded with those of their unfortunate masters. The remembrance of the friends and fellow-soldiers, whose perils I had shared, and whose society had once made me happy, overwhelmed me with the most poignant grief; the time which had elapsed since my departure from Teutoburgium seemed lost in the present scene; and my imagination transported me to the day before the engagement. I saw Varus adorned with all the dignity of command, surrounded by a number of young patricians, whose countenances, animated by hope and ambition, added splendour to the brilliant appearance of our cavalry; three legions, composed of the hardiest youths of Rome, whose discipline and valour promised victory in the most arduous enterprises, all swept at once from the face of day: and I, the only survivor, their companion and their friend, now wandering over a dreary space, where, at every step, I trampled on the bones of some fellow-soldier, with whom, methought, I had passed the former evening in confident discourse, or thoughtless merriment! I was roused from these mournful images by

the sound of Cæsar's trumpets, and his army soon appeared at the entrance of the valley. The chief alighted from his horse, and all the officers followed his example; a general silence ensued, and a more awful scene cannot be imagined. The troops remained long in mute and reverential contemplation of the dead: our cohorts then advanced, and Stertinius presented me to the general, who, after the first moment of surprise, received me with the tenderness of a brother. The whole army thronged around me, and I confess, my dear Septimius, my heart, at that instant, wanted the testimonies of regard which I experienced.

Germanicus led me round the field, and made me point out to him the place where the legates* fell, where Varus received the first wound, and where he transfixed his own bosom with his sword. He enquired where the barbarians took possession of our eagles: I pointed to a mountain of bones whose owners had fallen in their defence, and Stertinius advancing, presented to him the standard of the nineteenth legion, re-

* Legates, lieutenant-generals; who acted under the orders of the commander in chief, and were his counsellors: their persons were held sacred.

lating to him in what manner I had snatched it from the flaming wood. At that instant a general shout from the whole army repaid me for all my sufferings, and Germanicus embraced me with such an expression of joy, with such repeated congratulations, as could only spring from a heart conscious of its own worth, and generously elevated with the praises of another. He next contemplated the wood where we still found the altars, at which the tribunes, and principal centurions, had been sacrificed. Germanicus, from the report of the captives, sent back by Arminius to inform Augustus of our defeat, had more knowledge than myself of the horrid circumstances which followed the victory of the German leader. Humanity recoils at the relation, and with encreasing gratitude I thank Heaven that saved me from the shame of owing my liberty to the insulting murderer of my countrymen. The cruelties committed on the inferior prisoners seem incompatible with his magnanimity and courage, no less than the unworthy treatment of the breathless remains of our general, which his expiring soldiers had in vain endeavoured to secure, by hasty funeral rites, from the insatiable revenge of a barbarous enemy.

The resentment of the army was beyond con-

ception, and each man, as if he mourned a friend, or brother, without being able to distinguish from the rest the bones of those who had been dear to him, assisted to form one grave, in which, with decent pomp, we buried the remains of our fellow-citizens and soldiers. A monument of turf was erected over them, and Germanicus paid a grateful tribute to the memory of the dead, by sharing the sentiments and labour of his troops: he brought the first materials for raising the sepulchral mound, and when it was completed, having pronounced thrice the last farewell, thus pursued:

"Brave soldiers! who have sacrificed your lives to the honour and defence of the Roman name, we shall follow you, whenever nature, or the cause of our country demands it. May this hostile earth, of which your valour has taken possession, lie light upon you; and may our arms for ever drive the enemy from a place which your remains have consecrated."

The music of the legions then sounded an animated march, and leaving the field of Teutoburgium, we arrived at an open plain, where we encamp for this evening: to-morrow it is the intention of our leader to pursue Arminius, who is not very remote from our army.

Germanicus with whom I am to live in the

same manner as I did with Varus, no sooner saw the tents pitched, than he assembled the soldiers, and publickly returning me thanks for the recovery of the eagle, conferred on me the most distinguished military rewards. He then invited the legates, some of the tribunes, and many of the young patricians whom I had known at Rome, to sup in his pavilion; amongst whom I found Cornelius Dolabella. He felicitated me on my return with visible embarrassment, and rather avoided joining in the conversation, which was supported by Germanicus with an ease and vivacity beyond description, and can only be compared to what our fathers have told of the manners of the no less amiable than heroic author of the Cæsarian greatness. He treats me with distinguished kindness, and expresses the highest esteem for Valerius: he has likewise made me happy by an assurance, that the actions of my friend have justified the opinion I had conceived of him. With what pleasure, Septimius, did I listen to your praises! I feel myself restored to far more than life by receiving information of those who are dear to me.—Would I could forget Aurelia!

I write to Valerius, and should he be absent from Rome when the messenger arrives, you will

take care that my letter is immediately conveyed to him. I enclose one for Philo, the freedman of my father, and beg you will assist him in the conduct of my affairs. How long have I driven from my remembrance every consideration of that nature! How many wants has luxury invented? Four days since, a simple habit sufficient to shield me from the inclemencies of the weather, and arms to defend me against any sudden attack, were all the property I found it necessary to possess. Now every moment produces a new want: variety of apparel, slaves to attend and importune me, furniture for my tent, horses and caparisons to adorn them, carriages to transport these effects, and a thousand other inconveniences of polished life. These are, probably, now in the hands of Arminius, or his Cheruscans, who little conceive that objects, which they despise, are again become indispensably necessary to me. The questor furnishes me once more with these trappings of civilization; but it will be long before I can be accustomed to the oppressive grandeur of being served by men less active than myself, and far less capable of enduring fatigue and hardship.

Cæsar has given me the choice whether I will continue with him in Germany, or return to

visit my friends at Rome: you will readily believe that, notwithstanding my impatience to see you, and to assure Valerius of my filial attachment, I prefer staying with the legions, till a decisive victory permits me to be restored with honour to my country. Farewell, Septimius! with what joy shall I behold the return of the messenger!

LETTER XXVIII.

AS the event of yesterday has compelled Cæsar to dispatch another messenger to Tiberius, I will not omit informing you of our proceedings.

After closing my last letter I threw myself on my couch, but a thousand images, rapidly succeeding each other, drove sleep far from me; and when day appeared I received a message from Cæsar to attend him in his tent.

I found him alone, holding in his hand a small portrait* which I immediately recollected: I fear my thoughts were too visible in my countenance. Germanicus smiled and giving it to me, "You have undoubtedly," said he, "been informed by Cæcina of the marriage of Dolabella which took place some time after it was imagined you were no more. Not long since, when we took Segestes and his daughter prisoners, we recovered a great part of the booty carried off by Arminius from Teutoburgium. I

* Cicero in his letters to Atticus, Ovid, Virgil, &c.

gave orders it should be exposed in the Forum, that in case any of our officers or soldiers recognised what had belonged to their relations or friends, they might have an opportunity to prevent it from falling into the hands of strangers. Amongst the rest this portrait, ornamented with jewels, excited the curiosity of the whole army: most of our young officers were struck with its resemblance to the beauteous Aurelia, and not a few purchasers offered themselves. Dolabella happened at that moment to be absent, as I had sent him with a few horse to escort the prisoners; I therefore took the portrait and at his return delivered it to him. He was peculiarly thankful, and informed me, that as you were engaged to Aurelia when you departed for Germany, it had probably belonged to you: on examining the jewels we found your cypher and her's united.

"Last night, after the company retired, Dolabella brought it to me, and requested me to ask you if it had once been yours; in that case he wished to restore the jewels, but retain the portrait of his wife, which, he said, could not with propriety remain in any other hands."

O Septimius! the moment in which this image of Aurelia had been given me, the tears that accompanied the gift, the thousand thousand times

I had regretted her loss, all rushed into my memory, and it was long before I could reply. At length I informed Germanicus, that on receiving this from Aurelia, I had promised death alone should make me part with it. I declared to him my intention that the jewels, with which I had ornamented it when in my possession, should be given into the common treasury of the legions, and that I would destroy the cyphers, to which I confessed I had no longer any pretension; but that the portrait I neither could, nor would relinquish, though I would give my honour to Dolabella that it should never be seen in my hands.

Germanicus expostulated with me on the impropriety of exciting the jealousy of a man of merit and delicacy, but his arguments were of no avail: I destroyed the cyphers in his presence not without some agitation, and went to deliver the jewels into the treasury. Dolabella, whom I met as I came out of the Quæstor's pavilion, accosted me coldly: I stopped him, and, acknowledging my thanks for the message I had received, repeated the reasons I had given to Cæsar for not restoring the portrait of Aurelia. He resented this refusal rather warmly, and I could scarcely repress my emotion. Antæus with Sergius Sulpitius interposed, and Germanicus,

who appeared about the same time, having taken Dolabella aside for a few minutes, returned and assured me that he confided in my honour. It was however easy to perceive that he was not perfectly satisfied.

While we were thus engaged, the officers, sent by our general to observe the motions of the enemy, came back with intelligence that Arminius,* at the head of a small party of soldiers, was retiring with precipitation into the woods. Germanicus immediately commanded out the horse to follow; I obtained his permission to accompany them, and we soon came up with Arminius, who fled till he had drawn us into difficult and fallacious ground. He then ordered his Cheruscans to stand, and a desperate skirmish ensued, which seemed to incline to our advantage, when on a sudden, the leader of the Germans gave the signal for a considerable number of his people, whom he had placed in ambush in the neighbouring woods, to surround us on all sides. Our soldiers knew not which way to turn; they were driven by the enemy into marshes, or wilds, of which they were ignorant, and consequently incapable of extricating themselves. I used every effort to recall them to their duty, rallied them thrice, and must

* Tacitus, Book 1.

acknowledge that I was greatly assisted by the valour and presence of mind which Dolabella displayed on this occasion. At length we were left with a few hundreds exposed to the whole force of Arminius. The subsidiary cohorts, who were sent to our assistance, caught the panic from the flying horse, who, more terrified by the danger of being lost in rivers or morasses, than alarmed at the multitude of the enemy, shamefully deserted us. Our situation, which had been perilous from the commencement of the engagement, became now desperate, and our only prospect was to sell our lives as dear as possible. Dolabella fought bravely by my side, but without exchanging a word; till at length, to our great satisfaction we saw a cloud of dust arise at a distance, and soon found it was occasioned by Germanicus who brought his legions to our succour. Hope now smiled again, and our men began to recover their usual ardor; but while I was encouraging them to persevere, I lost sight of Dolabella, and a moment after perceived him on the ground with a Marsian directing a spear to his bosom. I immediately flew to his assistance, but was very near arriving too late: I plunged my sword under the arm of the Marsian, at the instant he was about to strike the mortal blow, and he fell breathless

from his horse: two others who were near him attacked me, and I received a slight wound in my arm. Dolabella was unhurt; his fall had been occasioned by the death of his horse, I gave him mine, and took that of the Marsian; the legions behaved well, but the confusion had been too great to allow us a complete victory. The Germans retreated, and our troops retired in good order.

This morning I received the civic crown* for having saved the life of Dolabella, who has expressed his grateful acknowledgment in the most affectionate manner: his thanks are certainly unnecessary, and I am ashamed of the applauses that re-echo through the ranks for such a common event.

The season is so far advanced, and the climate so rigorous, that no more can be done at present; to-morrow we begin our march towards the river Amisa,† and Germanicus will embark with his legions in the same ships which brought them. Part of the horse are to direct their course by the sea coast towards the Rhine, and Cæcina leads his troops, which consist of four legions, over the

* Aulus Gellius, Pliny, &c.

† The Emse.

marshes, by the narrow causeway formerly raised by Lucius Domitius.

As I accompany the general, it is probable I shall have no opportunity of writing to you again before we arrive at our winter quarters; there I hope to receive your letters, and impatiently long to read the information they may contain.

LETTER XXIX.

AFTER a tedious voyage,* we arrived yesterday at the place of our destination. Germanicus sent Vitellius, with the second and fourteenth legion, part of the way round by land, that our ships might not be too heavily laden in the most dangerous part of our navigation. The weather was very tempestuous before we entered the mouth of the Visurgis: here we took on board the legions, which had proceeded through the marshes with the utmost difficulty and danger, but the sight of their general made them amends for every fatigue and labour.

We found Cæcina and his army arrived a few days before us. You will read the public accounts of the victory obtained by this experienced commander, after almost incredible hardships, and the most desperate conflict. He has gained immortal honour, and miraculously saved the troops committed to his care. The report of his being

* Tacitus, book 1.

attacked, and surrounded by the forces of Arminius, and a large body of Germans coming to ravage the Gallic territories, had made such an impression on the soldiers who were left to guard our winter quarters, that they formed the infamous resolution of destroying the bridge over the Rhine, to prevent at once the retreat of our army, and the invasion of the barbarians. Agrippina,* with a spirit worthy the grand-daughter of Augustus, and the wife of Germanicus, took on herself the duty of a commander in chief, and prevented their design. She stood at the foot of the bridge, and received the victorious Cæcina and his legions with accumulated thanks and praises, distributing clothes to the needy, and medicines to the wounded. She is nearly as much adored by the army as Germanicus himself; her greatness of mind is beyond expression; and much I fear her virtues and loftiness of spirit may become obnoxious to the emperor, whose frequent letters to his adoptive son are always written in a stile that plainly manifests the jealousy he has conceived from his successes. Nothing, however, can be more unexceptionable than the conduct of Germanicus towards Tiberius: he takes every opportunity of setting his actions in the fairest

* Daughter of Marcus Agrippa and Julia.

light, and directing the love of his soldiers to their emperor. This morning he has visited the wounded, and enquired particularly into the behaviour of each individual, extolled his courage, consoled him with hopes of future victories, and with the consciousness of present glory. The Gauls have offered arms, recruits, horses, and tribute : Cæsar accepts the arms and horses, but bestows rewards on the soldiers out of his private fortune.

LETTER XXX.

WITH what joy have I received your letter, my dear Septimius! How can I ever sufficiently thank you for your friendly resolution of passing the winter with me! How impatiently I wait your arrival! This letter will meet you on the road, and assure you of my gratitude. Your engagements with Drusus, and the necessity of your joining the Illyrian army early in the spring, are the only circumstances that give me pain; but these increase my obligation. I hoped to have received, by the same messenger, a letter from Valerius, but the information you give me of his absence from Rome, and of his being at his villa near Baiæ, accounts for his silence. You have raised my curiosity concerning his lovely daughter, who was not more than twelve years of age when I left the capital: I did not then even see her, as, from her earliest childhood, she had been under the tuition of her mother Sempronia, whose health did not allow her to leave the soft

climate of Campania. You say, that since the death of Sempronia, her daughter has been not only the companion, but the confidential friend of her father: happy Valeria! how often have I wished for such a blessing!

Germanicus has received letters from his sister Livia: she informs him that Aurelia fainted when she heard of my being yet alive: it seems this intelligence was given her in a numerous company. Dolabella has asked Cæsar's leave to depart for Rome, with the promise of returning in the spring, but our general is obliged to refuse his request, having given orders that no officer shall absent himself from the army except on duty, as his intentions are to commence the military operations earlier than usual in the hopes of finishing the war by a decisive stroke. To this effect he collects all the forces possible, orders a considerable fleet to be in readiness, and has sent Silius, Antæus, and Cæcina, to preside over the construction of the vessels, which are to be built in a peculiar manner, to resist the violence of the northern seas. Dolabella is to inform the Batavians* of the general's determination, that his ships shall rendezvous in their islands. We are

* The Dutch. Tacitus.

to embark as soon as the wintry gales are over, and shall thus be in the heart of Germany long before it would be possible to penetrate there by land, considering the shortness of the summers, the length of time necessarily consumed in marches, rendered more difficult by the nature of the soil, and the pertinacious activity of its inhabitants; not to mention the delay occasioned by the quantity of baggage that attends our army, which will now be easily transported by sea without retarding the operations. Such is the plan of our general, who sees with pain that Tiberius makes a pretence of the troubles in the east, to recall him from legions which are so sincerely attached to him, and seeks to rob him of the conquests which his prudence, bravery, and former successes ensure him in a future campaign: all therefore conspires to increase his impatience for the termination of the war.

I am not surprised at the emperor's conduct. Profound dissimulation, and malicious envy, form the basis of his character, and who could be a more natural object of his fears than Germanicus, a man whose virtue becomes a satire on his adoptive father? Notwithstanding the pains taken by our leader to discourage all strictures on the proceedings of Tiberius, the general sentiments

are but too manifest. I hear every day murmurs and reproaches; and the most odious measures, invented by an unjust and illiberal system of politics, are supposed to be the study and employment of Tiberius. What is the ferocious cruelty of Arminius in the field, when compared to the complicated guilt which the cool and sedentary statesman plans and prepares for execution in the closet?

However, Septimius, though I open my heart to you on matters of such importance, I invariably discountenance conversations of this kind in my presence. I respect, in Tiberius, the majesty of the Roman empire; and consider that our duty consists in withstanding the corruption and encroachments of power, not in justifying its excesses by seditious discourses.

We are told that Arminius is making immense preparations. How often do I think of Sigismar! With what infinite concern do I reflect that he is our enemy! In the skirmish between our cavalry and their forces, my eyes sought for him in vain, nor have I been able to gain the least intelligence relative to him, though I have not been wanting in making every enquiry.

LETTER XXXI.*

HOW swiftly fly the moments in friendly and congenial intercourse! Your presence, Septimius, cherished in me every pleasing sentiment, and my attachment to you, being mellowed into the most settled esteem, is no longer merely the affection of youth, often founded on a casual conformity of pursuits, and liable to be blasted by every extraneous accident. Though our years have been few, the trials I have experienced and the uninterrupted regard which you retained for me, even when you supposed me unconscious of all human events, have cemented our friendship beyond the power of fate; and never did I more want the consolation which you alone can bestow. I in vain hope for news of Valerius; the messenger whom I dispatched, while you were with me, is now returned without giving me the smallest intelligence: the report so industriously spread by

* The historical part of this letter from Tacitus, Book 2.

Tiberius, that from his villa at Baiæ he crossed the country to Brundusium, and there embarked for Greece, seems to me highly improbable; though several letters from that sea port confirm the account, and declare that he was seen by many of the principal citizens. Had this been true, would not the messenger have discovered in what ship he sailed? to what port his course was directed? A senator, whose birth and abilities have made him so conspicuous cannot easily be concealed, and how contrary to his character is so mysterious a conduct! I have notwithstanding sent letters for him, directed to the care of the person with whom it is said he resided, while he waited for a favourable wind. Still I retain some hopes—either I will spend my life in wandering over the earth in search of him, or I will discover the retreat that hides the guardian and protector of my youth.

Soon after your departure for Illyria, while our vessels were preparing, Cæsar ordered the legate Silius to make an inroad on the territories of the Cattians, and hearing the Roman castle, which commands the river Luppia,* was besieged, he

* La Lippe.

went thither himself with six legions; but the sudden and violent rains prevented Silius from doing any thing more than carrying off an inconsiderable booty, and a few prisoners, amongst whom are the wife and daughter of the prince of the Cattians. Neither had Cæsar an opportunity of acting, for we found that the besiegers had fled at the news of his approach; but before their flight they had thrown down the ancient altar raised to the memory of Drusus. Germanicus replaced it, and celebrated with the legions funeral games in honour of his father: you will receive a description of them, and will learn that I was so fortunate as to gain several prizes, for which our leader likewise contended with many of the principal officers.

He raised various new mounds and fortifications in that part of the country, and as soon as the fleet was in readiness we embarked on the canal which bears the name of Drusus.* Our chief,

* Youngest son of the Empress Livia, celebrated for his conquests, the name of Germanicus granted to him and his family after his death, which happened during his successful expedition at the age of thirty. For his character see Vell. Pat. Tacitus, &c. The canal of Drusus, between Arnheim and Doesburg in Gelderland, eight

who never omits an opportunity of honouring the memory of his father, sacrificed to his manes on the deck of the prætorian galley, and entreated that he would assist him by his example, and the remembrance of his counsels, in the same enterprise which formerly spread his fame to the most distant regions.

Hence we proceeded on our voyage through the northern ocean, a navigation long unattempted by our countrymen. Drusus, whose early death can never be sufficiently deplored by the Roman people, whom in all probability he would have restored to their ancient freedom, was the first of our warriors that ever dared these boisterous seas and unknown coasts: his son with rapture contemplated the billows, which recalled to his feeling heart the image of his father.

"Marcus," said he to me, "behold the awful swell and verdant colouring of these waves, how much more sublime they appear than those we see from Misenum or Ravenna!* These are a more

miles between Iselvort and Doesburg. Tesselgat or Tivelstroom. Ainsworth, Cluverius.

* Misenum and Ravenna were the two principal stations of the Roman fleet. The waves of the ocean are much more green than those of the Mediterranean.

lasting and more splendid trophy to the memory of my father, than Parian marble or Corinthian brass. When Egypt's Pyramids shall be levelled with the plain, on which they now rear their lofty heads; when the fallen ruins of temples, circusses, and obelisks, shall raise the valleys to the surface of the hills; when Romans shall be confounded with Barbarians, and our slaves become our masters; still shall these waves in unchanged majesty resist the shock of earthquakes and the revolution of empires; still shall they bear testimony to the intrepidity of him, who for the love of his country first courted their terrors and subdued their fury. Let Socrates descant, and Zeno lay down maxims of stoicism; this is the only school for true magnanimity, fortitude, and vigilance. Where can we better learn the instability of human affairs, the sudden turns of fortune, the necessity of unremitting diligence, of active industry, of exact discipline, and unshaken presence of mind? Where can we sooner be convinced of the advantages of union, subordination, and a firm reliance on the immortal Ruler of the universe!"

In such conversations we passed the time on board our galley: the winds were favourable to our wishes, and, after the happiest naviga-

tion, we arrived at the mouth of the river Amisia.

Germanicus here leaves his fleet, and we shall proceed up the country with all possible celerity. Farewell, Septimius.

LETTER XXXII.*

I WILL not fatigue you, my friend, with the detail of our march from the borders of the river Amisia, to the place whence I now address you. We are encamped on the banks of the Visurgis,† which alone divides us from the forces of Arminius. His brother Flavius is in our army. He has long fought under the Roman ensigns with unshaken fidelity and is a man of intrepid courage, approved honesty, and plain understanding: he has neither the talents nor ambition of his brother, but has been ever found an useful ally. This morning Arminius appeared on the opposite shore of the river, and desired a conference with Flavius. Germanicus, observing that the Cheruscan leader removed his guards, commanded our archers to retire from the banks and granted the confer-

* For the interview between Flavius and his brother, see Tacitus, Book 2.

† Visurgis; the river Veser.

once requested. Many of our officers went from curiosity to see the German commander and to hear the discourse of the two brothers; and I accompanied them in hopes of meeting, or learning some account of Sigismar; but in this I was disappointed.

Arminius saluted his brother, whom he had not seen for many years. Flavius had in this interval lost an eye while in the service of Tiberius: this circumstance attracted the notice of the Cheruscan chief, who enquired what compensation he had obtained for this misfortune: Flavius informed him of the collar, crowns, and other military honours, besides an increase of pay which had been granted him. His brother heard him with contempt, named them the badges of slavery, and asked him how he could prefer being the mercenary of a tyrant, to the honourable station of commanding a people who fought for their liberty. Flavius seemed little moved by these reproaches, and spoke highly of the greatness of Rome, and the clemency of Tiberius towards the wife and child of Arminius, who were treated at Ravenna, the place assigned for their habitation, with all the respect and attention he could himself have desired for them. This, far from appeasing the

enraged chief, added fewel to his anger: he reproached his brother for serving against his country and relations; and Flavius, in return, expostulated with him for having deceived the confidence of Varus, and disturbed the peace of Germany.

"Liberty," said he, "is the pretence with which you conceal your ambition; you can neither brook a master nor an equal; it is you, and not the Romans who destroy the Cheruscans: had you faithfully observed the sacred treaties into which our nation entered with this powerful republic, you would have maintained your country in peace and independence, and have always found a generous and potent ally, ready to defend you against your rival neighbours. I am no traitor; I have never changed my principles, and one day the Cheruscans will know that the man who breaks his word with his enemies, can never be true to his friends."

Arminius replied to this by bitter invectives against the Romans. Flavius lost all patience, and called for his horse and armour, notwithstanding the river was between them, while their fury, regardless of all obstacles, would have made them plunge into the stream to decide the quarrel by the sword, if Stertinius

had not interposed to prevent so impious a combat.

Our whole army was shocked at what had past, and a horror for civil discord was visible on every countenance. Germanicus did not fail to seize the opportunity of giving them an instructive lesson: "Behold," said he to the numbers who were gathered round him, "behold what an odium the want of unanimity casts on the bravest and most shining characters! Seditious principles, and the love of change, have blasted all the laurels of Arminius; and even Flavius, whose faith and perseverance in the cause of justice, deserve the highest encomiums, is engaged, though not by his own fault, to bear arms against his country, and cannot sincerely enjoy the triumphs which he assists in gaining. The closer have been the ties, the greater is the animosity when they are broken: may Heaven avert such crimes from the sons of Romulus; and may a glorious victory soon restore peace and tranquillity to this deluded country!"

The troops applauded the words of their general, and returned with ardour to their work: the bridges will soon be completed, and it is to be expected that a decisive engagement will shortly ensue.

LETTER XXXIII.*

THIS morning, Septimius, our whole army passed the Visurgis. The horse forded the river in different places to divert the enemy, and protect the passage of the legions. Our Batavian allies, whose hardy intrepidity cannot sufficiently be admired, exposed themselves rather too rashly: they fell into one of the usual snares of the Cheruscans: many of their principal nobility perished, the rest were saved by their own valour, and by the assistance of our cavalry, under the command of Emilius and Sternius.

A deserter from Arminius informed us that the united forces of various nations of Germany were assembled in the wood sacred to Hercules, and that it was the intention of the leader to make this night an attack on our camp. The intelligence

* Visit of the camp, &c. Tacitus, book 2. The description of a Roman camp is to be found in Polybius, &c. The Augurale was a sort of chapel. A sestertius worth 1¾*d.*; a sestertium, or great sesterce, 8*l.* 1*s.* 5½*d.*

of their numbers and vicinity has been confirmed by the sight of their fires, and the report of those who have been sent to make discoveries. Germanicus has taken every necessary precaution: as soon as it was dark he led me aside, and observed to me, that a general engagement was undoubtedly at hand, and that he was anxious to know what were the real thoughts of his soldiers on the occasion. "The tribunes and centurions," said he, "always declare that their men are in excellent spirits, and eager to engage. I mistrust the servility of my freedmen, and the partiality of my friends: if I call a council, whatever is proposed by two or three will be adopted by the rest. The only way to be assured of the true sentiments of the army, is to mix in the crowd, and hear what they say in their tents, when the table is spread, and the tongue utters the language of the heart. Let us throw over our habits an ordinary mantle, and, thus disguised, take our walk round the camp."

"Many chiefs," answered I, "would have made me such a proposal unregarded; I would not have chosen to be the witness of their mortification; but Germanicus has nothing to fear, and I will gladly accompany him."

To avoid being observed by the centinels in

leaving the prætorium, we went out at the augurial door, and first directed our steps towards the tents of the allies. We found every thing in good order, and heard them talk of the rewards they expected from the generosity of Cæsar, and the advantages they should reap from the humiliation of their neighbours.

We next entered the center of the camp by the Via Quintana, and approached near to many of the Roman tents that were open, and the soldiers seated round the tables. All resounded with the praises of Germanicus: amongst the rest there was one at which the conversation was peculiarly animated: it was amidst the ranks of the Hastati: the gaiety of youth appeared on every countenance: "To-morrow," said one of these, "to-morrow I shall see a battle: Germanicus shall be convinced that, whatever our fathers may say, the race is not degenerate."

"Do you think," answered another, "that Scipio Africanus ever fought better than our Cæsar? and why should not we follow his example? was there ever a general who threw the javelin, or whirled the discus, or led the Pyrrhic dance like Germanicus? a thousand times I have tried in vain to imitate his agility: he is our

leader in all things. Julius was unquestionably a great warrior, but I would fight any man who should dare to say he excelled our commander."

Germanicus then took me by the arm: "Let us away," said he, "for I ought undoubtedly to contradict this soldier."

We then examined the tents of the Principes, and were highly pleased with the alacrity visible amongst these warriors, who, in the vigour of years, unite experience to strength and activity; the first tent we found open was filled with a numerous company who were drinking the health of their general.

"It would be an eternal shame," said one of them setting down the bowl, "if we did not shew ourselves to be Romans, when we have such an example of valour and magnanimity in our chief: he is foremost in every danger, and bears fatigue and difficulties as if he had never been accustomed to a life of ease and splendour. I had rather share the perils of Germanicus than follow the triumphal car of any other commander: it is said, he might have returned last year to Rome, and it is certain a triumph has already been decreed him, but I honour his perseverance, and long for to-morrow. Surely

Arminius will give us an opportunity of shewing that we detest his perfidy, and burn to revenge the death of our fellow-soldiers. Who would regret his life when he sees what honours Germanicus has paid to the memory of the legions that fell with Varus?"

"Did you ever hear of his generosity to me?" exclaimed a young man who was writing in the corner of the tent; "the wife, to whom I am addressing these lines, whom I love more than my life, and almost equally with my duty, is a present of Germanicus. In the first battle we fought in this country, he observed I was so careless of my safety that I seemed to invite the enemy's sword: he chid my temerity, and I frankly owned to him that I was tired of my existence. 'My poverty' said I, 'will not allow me to obtain the consent of Martius, to whose daughter I have been long attached; he declares that, unless I can prove myself possest of twenty thousand sestertii, she is not for me, and I have no more skill in pillaging than pretensions to the favours of fortune:' would you believe the sequel? Next morning the general sent for me to his tent, and giving me twenty thousand sestertii, 'Here,' said he, 'Caius Libo, receive this sum, and with it the consent of Martius. I hope for the future

you will take more care of your life, not only for the love of the republic, but likewise for that of Martia.' Oh, I will now guard my life, but only that I may shed my blood drop by drop in the service of Germanicus and my country."

The chief was affected, and walked hastily forward to the tents of the Triarii: we found these hardy veterans burnishing their armour, and sharpening their swords, "If we fight to-morrow, as I hope," said one of them, "it will be the fifteenth battle I shall have seen, and never had I better omens of success. I am not devoted to young generals, but ours has only the graces and activity of youth: he has all the wisdom and prudence of the maturest warriors: I served long under his father, the renowned Drusus, but I think his son is no way inferior to him. Did you observe with what vigilant attention he directed our passage of the river?"

"Servilius," replied one of his companions, "I have often told you that he knows the life and actions of every individual in his army: he could give you a more distinct account than myself of the battle, or siege, where I got each of these wounds. In the beginning of the winter, while I was confined with those I received, when Cæcina was attacked by the Germans, he came to visit me, sat down beside my couch, ask-

ed me if I wanted assistance, and taking up my shield, which I had neglected to remove when he entered, he counted the fragments of weapons that remained in it. 'Crastinus,' said he, 'this shield is more honourable than the station in which I am placed: my friend, attend carefully to your preservation, such men as you support the reputation of our fathers, and excite the emulation of their sons.'

"How exemplary is his conduct!" interrupted a third, "he is not infected with the notions of the times: he ascribes his successes to the protection of Heaven and to the bravery of his troops: his modesty is equal to his valour; his friends are chosen among the most virtuous, and the most distinguished characters: not a sycophant, not a parasite is to be seen in his company. Was there ever such a father, such a husband? To-morrow he will see how well he is beloved."

Hence we entered the middle way, and inspected the pavilions of the cavalry. Military ardour was visible in the countenances of all these young warriors; they seemed impatient for the approaching fight, and some were tracing the descent of their general from the famous conqueror of Asdrubal.

"The Visurgis," said they, "will not yield in

celebrity to the Metaurus;* the Claudian family was ever a race of heroes, and Germanicus is their noblest ornament: what majesty in his figure! what elegance in his manners!"

"I have heard my father remark," subjoined one of the company, "that Antonia the worthy parent of our leader had inherited the virtue of her mother Octavia,† and the beauty of her father Marc Anthony: surely Germanicus has united in his person all the endowments of his ancestors."

"These young knights," whispered the chief, "see every thing in the fairest light; but they will attack the enemy with as much spirit as they praise their general. Let us hear what the tribunes are saying."

We found many of them assembled in the tent of Caius Albinius, who gave this evening a magnificent supper. We would not advance too near, lest we should be known by the attending servants: however, we heard some of the officers commend the early opening of the campaign, others the passage of the river, all expressing their hopes

* A river of Italy, now called Metro. Cluverius.

† Sister of Augustus, first married to Marcellus, afterwards to Marc Anthony.

that the next day might produce a decisive battle. Two, who were placed nearest to the entrance of the tent, were observing what weather the evening seemed to promise; and taking notice of the brightness of Arcturus, and the elevation of the polar star, one of them asked his companion whether he had read the excellent translation made by Germanicus of the astronomy of Aratus.* A general conversation then ensued, which wholly turned on the literary acquirements, and scientific knowledge of the chief; all agreed that his name would be as distinguished as that of Julius Cæsar, if the genius of Rome preserved his life for the glory of the republic.

Germanicus turned away, and as we were near the Prætorium, he proposed retiring to his tent. "As for the young noblemen," said he, "who like you, are under my immediate inspection, their sentiments and valour are known to me, and I will not listen to the private conversation of my friends."

I was about to answer, when we heard one of the enemy calling to the centinels on duty in a voice not unknown to me: we threw off our mantles and ran towards the outworks; while most of

* This work is still extant.

the soldiers, who were encamped on the western side, left their tents and looked to see what was the reason of this parley. It was a Cheruscan on horseback, followed by a few others who had advanced almost under our lines, and insolently addressing our soldiers, in the Latin language, offered them, on the part of Arminius, wives, possessions, and a hundred sestertii for each man that would by desertion save himself from impending ruin. I recollected the voice to be that of Morven, the youth who had been the chief cause of the death of Cariovaldas, by opposing him in the election of a commander. Our soldiers fired with indignation, answered unanimously that they hailed the omen, and would render themselves masters of the wives, possessions, and fortunes of the Germans.

Our leader doubled the guards, and every thing was prepared, in case Arminius should attempt to storm our intrenchments: he advanced with that intention, but found all in such good order to receive him, that he did not think it prudent to persist in his design.

Germanicus expressed to me the highest satisfaction at the sentiments he had perceived in his troops. "Marcus!" said he, "how great would be my felicity if I could obtain a victory without

the loss of one of these brave men! how willingly would I offer up my life for such a consideration!"

When I left the general I could not help reflecting, with disquietude, on the appearance of Morven. Sigismar would never share the favours of his prince with one of the murderers of his father: what can have been the fate of that unhappy youth? These thoughts have long perplexed and distressed me; they at length give way to the pleasing hope of victory, and I flatter myself that my next letter will inform you of our success. It is late, and, as our army will be drawn out to battle by sun rise, I must dedicate the rest of the night to repose.

LETTER XXXIV.*

TRIUMPHANT joy resounds throughout the camp: the pursuit of the enemy has taken up great part of the day, but I cannot resist passing the evening in relating to you this important event.

At break of day, after the usual sacrifices had been performed, and hope and intrepidity, more certain omens of success, than all the augurs can determine, shone in every countenance, our leader formed his army in a line of battle on the plain called Idistavisus, between the Visurgis and hills shaded with wood, which form an amphitheatre round the meander of the river.

Arminius had drawn out his troops: they covered an immense space of ground; part of them took possession of the opposite side of the plain, and the rest were stationed at the entrance of the woods. The whole of the ground, on which we

* Tacitus, Book 2.

were to fight, was interspersed with trees at unequal distances, and entangled with shrubs and brambles. Our general exhorted his soldiers to overcome with fortitude all the difficulties of situation, and to be unmoved at the superiority of number. He represented to them that the enemy, who had to fight on the same spot, could derive no advantage from the inequality of the ground, but on the contrary would suffer greater inconveniences from the immense size of their shields, the length of their lances and other circumstances relative to their arms which would embarrass them amongst the branches. He added, that no comparison was to be made between their impetuosity, and the firm and manly behaviour of a Roman army; he observed that neither their minds nor bodies were accustomed to resist a continuation of labour, and that if they did not conquer at the first onset, they had neither perseverance, nor fear of shame; that their want of subordination made them neglectful of the orders of their general, and that ferocity, more than a sentiment of honour, impelled them to action; that in adverse fortune they were mean and timorous, and in prosperity despisers of all laws divine and human; insolently proud of their successes, and cruel to those whom they had sub-

dued. He bad his soldiers consider that we were now in the heart of Germany, and nearer to the Albis than the Rhine; he therefore advised them to put an end to their long labours, and complete their dear bought glory by one decisive exertion, conjuring them to remember the victories of his father Drusus, in whose steps he hoped to lead them to immortal fame.

The spirited and persuasive oratory, so natural to Germanicus, was scarcely wanted on this occasion; the soldiers longed ardently to engage, and our line was formed in this manner.

The Gallic and German auxiliaries were placed in the front, after them the archers on foot; four legions, next Cæsar himself with two prætorian cohorts and the select cavalry, amongst whom was your friend: behind us the four other legions with the light armed troops, the archers on horseback and the remaining cohorts of the allies.

In this order we were to maintain the fight; but Cæsar, perceiving that Arminius had placed his Cheruscans on the opposite hill, with an intention from this advantageous situation to break in upon our army; and seeing them advance with fury to the attack, he sent a body of horse to flank them, and Stertinius with the rest to surround or take them in the rear. At this instant hap-

pened a singular circumstance which contributed to raise the spirits of our troops; eight eagles appeared above our heads, and directed their flight into the neighbouring wood: the general pointed them out to his soldiers, and animated them to follow the birds of Rome, the deities of the legions, to victory and fame. In the moment of enthusiasm, even the most rational minds are not insensible to such an appearance; and without some idea of supernatural impulse, I question whether the generality of soldiers could resist the fatigue and dangers to which they are perpetually exposed. The ardour was universal, and victory soon declared in our favour: it was wonderful to behold the confusion of the enemy: those who were embattled on the plain fled into the woods, and they who had been posted in the woods took their flight towards the plain. We drove the Cheruscans from the hill: Arminius, though wounded, displayed indefatigable courage; with hand and voice he long sustained the combat, and falling on our archers, would have routed them, if I had not fortunately been near to encourage the auxiliaries: with their assistance we drove him from the field before the rest of the horse advanced. I was greatly mortified that we could not make him

our prisoner; both he and his uncle Ingomar, formerly a friend to the Romans, but seduced by Arminius to desert their cause, found means to escape by disfiguring their faces with the blood that flowed from their wounds: so at least it is imagined; but I suspect that some of our German allies recognized their features and suffered them to pass. Had our cavalry, who followed the flying Cheruscans, been able to come up in time, we should not have suffered Arminius to escape; but I and a few companions, whom the desire of meeting him in arms had separated from the rest, found our attention engaged in saving the archers. The enemy was totally defeated; many threw themselves into the river, and were lost in its waves, or destroyed by our soldiers: the carnage was dreadful; for the space of ten miles the ground was covered with dead bodies, and the pursuit lasted from the fifth hour till the close of day. The archers, who would have been cut to pieces, if we had not flown to their assistance, satiated their revenge on those of the enemy who took refuge in the trees and endeavoured to hide themselves in the branches. As soon as I perceived it, I put an end to this cruel sport, and commanded they should be made prisoners. Trophies were erected on the field of

battle with the arms of the conquered nations, and their names written under them. The army, at the desire of Germanicus, saluted Tiberius IMPERATOR; an honour which he himself had better deserved, his conduct throughout the action being that of a brave soldier and able general. He has bestowed numerous rewards on those who have merited them, and has honoured me with peculiar distinctions in consequence of my being so fortunate as to withstand the last efforts of Arminius.

Thank Heaven, our loss has been very inconsiderable, though the Germans were so sanguine in their hopes of success, that they had brought with them store of chains to bind their expected prisoners; all of which were found amongst the spoils.

LETTER XXXV.*

THE love of independence, and the determined bravery of these nations, are worthy admiration: not the losses they sustained in the late battle, not all their hardships and distresses, excited their grief and indignation so much as the sight of the trophies erected by our army on the field of Idistavisus. They had determined to transport themselves beyond the River Albis, and to leave for ever to the Romans their country and their household gods; but this sight has roused their fury, and they are resolved once more to collect their scattered forces. Decrepid and infant warriors run to join the standard of their leader, and soon we may expect an engagement still more desperate than the last.

Our general knows all their counsels, counteracts all their stratagems, and with a perseverance and intrepidity, worthy of himself, prepares to

* Tacitus, Book 2.

meet the rising storm. He has received letters from Tiberius entreating him to return home as soon as possible, and in the mean while exhorting him to act only on the defensive: he reminds him of the advantages he himself obtained by this method of making war, and enumerates the nations reduced by him to the obedience of the Romans. But Germanicus is too wise not to perceive the insidious policy of the emperor, and too brave to change that system which has already acquired him so much honour, and promises a full completion of his glory.

We are now on our march along the banks of the river, and expect shortly to come up with the enemy.

My anxiety for Valerius is considerably increased; the messenger, who arrived last from Rome, brings me no answer to the letters I have sent: if my duty and the friendship of Germanicus did not employ my thoughts, and drive from my imagination the melancholy ideas which too often intrude themselves, wretched indeed were my situation. The joys of victory and the happiness of revisiting my native country will, I fear, be greatly embittered! I wait with impatience for the consolation your letters always afford me.

Among the number of prisoners whom we took in our last action, not one of the Cheruscans could give me any intelligence of Sigismar. I begin to fear he has fallen a victim to the treachery of Morven; and the esteem, heightened by gratitude, which I must ever entertain for this excellent young man, excites in me the deepest affliction. Nothing so much raises our compassion as to see a noble and enlightened mind surrounded with those who cannot understand, and still less set a just value on its worth; such is the state of Sigismar, if he still exists; but, alas! it is too probable my friend may be no more.

LETTER XXXVI.*

WE have had a day of fatigue, but conquest has smiled on our labours, and they will not be forgotten in the annals of Rome.

The leader of the Germans, after harrassing our march, selected for the field of battle a place enclosed on one side by the river, and on the other by an immense forest. In the midst is a narrow and marshy plain, the woods are also wholly surrounded by a deep morass, except on one side, where the Angrivarians† formerly raised a lofty rampart to defend their boundaries from the Cheruscans. Here Arminius stationed his infantry, concealing his cavalry in the neighbouring woods, that they might attack our legions in the rear when we had entered the forest. All this was known to Cæsar; he examined the ground, and frustrated the designs of the enemy, by turning

* Tacitus, Book 2.

† Angrivarians, inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Minden.

them to their destruction. He gave to the legate Tubero the command of the cavalry, which he stationed on the plain, and embattled the infantry in such a manner, as that part of them should enter the wood in security, and the rest attack the mound: this most arduous part of the duty he took on himself, leaving to the legates the more easy and less perilous. I requested that he would permit me a share in his danger, to which he kindly consented. The Germans had every advantage of situation; the rising ground on which they were placed made it as difficult to assault them as if they had been defended by walls. Germanicus felt this inconvenience, and made way for the approach of his legions, by commanding the slingers to advance, and throwing the enemy into disorder by every species of missive weapons from engines and machines. In the mean while I ascended the eminence, and was almost immediately followed by Cæsar and the prætorian cohorts: we took possession of the rampart, and having secured this important post, we turned our attack on the forest. The battle lasted long, and was supported on both sides with singular courage and pertinacity: our army being hemmed in by the river and hills, the Germans by marshy and impracticable grounds. It was a com-

but worthy of the Romans; there was no hope but in valour, no safety but in victory. Our leader, in the most critical moment of the battle, took off his helmet, that he might be the better known by his army: I followed his example, and we rode from place to place encouraging the troops and leading them to break through all resistance. They seconded our wishes in the most distinguished manner. We have subdued the enemy, but the victory has not been gained without the slaughter of many of our brave fellow soldiers, and such a carnage of the Germans as my heart forbids me to describe. Great even in their ruin, they deserve our esteem, and, I must add, our regret. Arminius and Ignomar saved themselves by flight, but not till they found every effort was fruitless, and the ground strewed with the bodies of their bravest followers. Germanicus, when he perceived that we were masters of the field, sent off a legion to form the camp; the rest pursued till night the flying enemy.

Our prisoners are but few, for it was impossible to save the lives of many in so warm an action; and in order to put an end to the war, our general found it necessary to give such orders as were repugnant to his feelings; but no sooner had victory restored coolness to the mind, than all who

threw down their arms were spared: the number of these is very inconsiderable, and not a Cheruscan to be found among them.

You, Septimius, who know what a satisfaction every soldier experiences in so fortunate a moment, can feel for our joy, and will partake of it. The messenger, whom Germanicus dispatches instantly to Rome can no longer delay his departure; I must therefore bid you farewell, and am concerned to think how long it will be before this intelligence can reach you in Illyria.

LETTER XXXVII.*

YOUR letter, my dear Septimius, has made me inexpressibly happy; the troubles in Illyria give you an opportunity of signalizing your courage, and diminish the regret I feel for your not sharing in our triumph. Germanicus has caused a marble trophy to be erected with the following inscription:—

THE ARMY OF TIBERIUS CÆSAR, HAVING SUBDUED ALL THE NATIONS THAT DWELL BETWEEN THE RHINE AND ALBIS, CONSECRATE THIS MONUMENT TO MARS, JUPITER, AND AUGUSTUS.

Of himself he made no mention, whether from a dislike of exciting the jealousy of Tiberius, or that his virtue is satisfied with the consciousness of having performed great actions, and prefers the approbation of his fellow-citizens, and the

* Tacitus, Book 2.

praises of posterity, to proud inscriptions and transitory honours. It should seem, however, that this monument rather takes from our fame, than adds to it: we are not stipendiaries of Tiberius, but soldiers of Germanicus, and defenders of our country.

Stertinius was sent against the Angrivarians, but they immediately submitted, and all this part of Germany is at peace.

Our leader, on the day after this decisive action, made an affecting and grateful oration in praise of his army. He shed tears when he spoke of those who fell in the action, and returned thanks to the survivors with that eloquence which makes the warmest impression, because it flows from the heart. He has again distinguished me with peculiar honours, and has presented me with a Vallarian crown, for having first ascended and taken possession of the mound. I have every reason to think that my fellow-soldiers join their suffrage to that of their general. Surely, Septimius, we may enjoy the distinctions of fame, when neither our own heart nor the public voice reproaches us with want of desert. I do not mean but that Germanicus may have over-rated my services: and I am sensible that his indulgence sets too high a value on actions which were

only the result of my duty, and on successes which are to be ascribed, no less to the favour of fortune than to my own exertions; but after passing so much time with involuntary indolence, after so long and so ardently wishing to appear once more with honour in the Roman ranks, I should have despaired indeed if my actions had not been equal, or perhaps superior to theirs, who have, during my absence, uninterruptedly distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

To-morrow we embark on the river Amisia, and shall return by the ocean to our winter quarters: a few of the legions are to march through the country.

Germanicus has now a certain prospect of completing, in the ensuing summer, the pacification of these regions: we shall then revisit Rome, where I hope to find the best of friends—but what is become of Valerius? My imagination recoils from the dreadful suspicions which it forms —Cæsar has received letters from Greece: no mention is made in them of my uncle. I wait, with unusual impatience, for the information which you endeavour to obtain. May you be more successful than I dare to hope!

LETTER XXXVIII.*

THE nominal misfortunes of this world, my friend, scarcely deserve the pompous consolations which philosophers have devised for them. The brave may consider that death is ever so near, that no man need be apprehensive of long continuance in affliction; while they who set more value on life than on any other blessing, may reflect that danger is not always followed by destruction, and that perhaps the moment of safety is approaching when inevitable peril seems to hang over them.

I neither fear death nor affliction, and am therefore nearly indifferent to whatever affects me only personally, but I sincerely regret the loss of many brave men who have perished in the storm, of which I heartily wish you may not have received any intelligence before this letter reaches Illyria.

The wind was at first in our favour, and the

* Tacitus, Book 2.

calm and placid ocean appeared proud to bear our thousand vessels, driven by our spreading sails, or impelled forward by our hardy rowers. Nothing could be more truly sublime, nor, at the same time, more pleasing than the sight: garlands of victory hung fluttering on every mast, while mirth and festivity re-echoed through the fleet. But soon a dreadful tempest arose and dispersed our ships; the soldiers, unaccustomed to this element, embarrassed the mariners, equally by their fearful confusion, and importunate assistance. A wide and unknown sea was before us: around were hostile shores, or uninhabited islands; a sky more dark than a native of Hesperia could imagine; an ocean whose mountainous billows seemed prodigies to many who had without fear braved the Tyrrhenian billows. Such a prospect might easily strike terror into men elated with success, and impatient to enjoy the honourable fruits of it. All was distraction, and the few German auxiliaries, who were embarked with us, added to the consternation and dismay, by pretending that they saw the Gods of their country riding in the storm, and inciting the winds and waves to punish our bold intrusion. Some of our people were terrified, and others enraged at these superstitious ex-

clamations; but few were sufficiently masters of themselves to disregard them. Prayers, menaces, and exhortations were lost in air; in vain did we remind them of their wonted courage; they answered they did not fear death, but could not bear to perish ingloriously: as if glory were not equally the portion of suffering fortitude and active valour. Indeed, Septimius, I have always observed that it is far easier to find those who will boldly meet death, than those who will intrepidly wait his approach. The storm, as if assisted by the tumult and despair of the crew, increased to such a degree, that all hope of safety seemed to be at an end. We threw overboard our arms, horses, and every thing that proved an unnecessary burden to the ships. On board the Trireme, where I was embarked with Germanicus, we indeed maintained some discipline, and after being driven out to sea, and long tossed by the winds and waves, we at length succeeded in directing our course to the shores of our allies the Chaucans.* Here I found the advantage of having passed some time in savage regions and desert indigence: my knowledge of their customs and

* Inhabitants of the country between Bremen and Minden. Cluverius. Their dominions must have extended still farther than Bremen along the sea coast.

language enabled me to find resources for our leader and his followers when they were on the brink of yielding to fatigue, and despaired of recovering from their losses. I animated their drooping spirits, and directed the natives to assist them in refitting our vessels, and procuring provisions and other necessaries of life; but I had much more difficulty to calm the mind of Germanicus. He accused himself of being the author of all these misfortunes, and passed the days and nights in the rocks which hang over the sea, looking out in vain for his scattered fleet, and exclaiming that he was guilty of the miserable death of so many brave men, who had exposed their lives in his service, and for his honour. On the third morning, when he could perceive no sail on the wide horizon, his despair was so great that he would have cast himself into the ocean had I not forcibly prevented him. Towards evening, on the same day, two or three of our vessels that had been driven on some of the neighbouring islands, came back in a most shattered condition; and, as the sea grew calm, many others arrived, which we refitted as soon as possible, and sent out to look for the remainder of the dispersed navy. Several of our gallies have been thus recovered, and others restored by the Angrivarians; but a great

number are still missing, some of which we know too certainly to have been sunk, and much we fear the rest may have met with a similiar fate. What increases our difficulties, is, the effect which the report of our losses has had on the conquered nations; the Marsians and Cattians have again taken arms, and are preparing to renew the war. We collect arms and horses with as much diligence as possible, and repair, as well as we are able, the damages we have sustained; but our numbers are greatly diminished, and our situation is truly deplorable.

LETTER XXXIX.

THE prospect is much cleared, my dear Septimius, since I last wrote. Many of our ships, which had been cast on the enemy's shores, have been retaken, and the prisoners redeemed by the Angrivarians: but what has afforded us unspeakable satisfaction, is the recovery of the Prætorian cohorts, part of the select cavalry, and a great number of Roman knights who were missing.

As Germanicus and myself were yesterday taking our usual walk on the beach, after visiting the workmen employed in refitting the ships, we observed a considerable fleet in the horizon, and we passed the whole day in watching its motions, and endeavouring to distinguish the vessels. A favourable wind, towards evening, brought them near enough to satisfy us with the assurance, that amongst the number there were many Roman gallies and transports.

We rose this morning before day, and received from the centinels the welcome intelligence,

that the fleet we had seen the preceding night was safe in harbour, and proved to be the troops I have mentioned escorted by several* British vessels, whose commander had that moment sent on shore to request an audience of Cæsar. Impatient to see the friends whom he had so long deplored as lost, Germanicus prepared to receive their generous conductor. Scarcely had the sun appeared, when a long train of Britons entered the camp, bearing presents for our leader, and an immense quantity of provisions for his army. These were followed by the Roman officers and soldiers who had been saved from shipwreck; and last, our eyes were attracted by the venerable figure of the British commander, led by two beautiful youths, and attended by three hundred warriors. Dignity and benevolence were blended in his aspect, which, though furrowed by more than eighty winters, retained all those graces and animation which time, and the vicissitudes of life, too often extinguish. Germanicus received him at the door of his pavilion, and led him to the inner apartment. After presenting the Roman officers to their chief the Briton interrupted the effusions of his gratitude by addressing him nearly in these terms:

* Tacitus, Book 2.

"Cæsar! a name I never pronounce without the profoundest respect, you see before you Mandubratius,* king of the Trinobantians: my father Imanuentius, the friend and guardian of his country, jealous of its honour, and watchful over its felicity, constantly resisted the seduction of the Gauls, whose interested views long tended to engage our nation in the support of their rebellion against the Romans, by assisting them in an unjust and ruinous war. Cassivelaunus, and many of the inferior princes, induced by restless ambition, avidity of gain, or false alarms for their own safety, joined in the league, and used every effort to prevail on the mind of Imanuentius. His unshaken resistance excited the enmity of Cassivelaunus, who attacked our dominions, laid waste our fields, and, aided by a superiority of number too powerful to be withstood, entered our capital, and murdered my father. These eyes were witnesses of the horrid deed! A few warriors, attached to their sovereign, and at that time hopeless of revenging his death, conjured me to consult my own safety, and the future welfare of my country, rather than give myself up

* Mandubratius, king of the Trinobantians. Cæsar's Commentaries de Bello Gallico, Book 5. Julius Cæsar was in Britain in the year of Rome 700.

to affliction and despair. I was then very young: they conveyed me on board a vessel, and fled with me to the illustrious Cæsar, who was pursuing his conquests in Gaul. With what benignity did he receive me! With what paternal goodness did he calm my sorrows, and revive my hopes! With what excellent precepts did he form my youthful heart to magnanimity and fortitude! In him I found a second father, and, if I may permit myself the expression, an avenging Deity, who rescued myself and my subjects from barbarous oppression. I accompanied him into Britain, where my people, whose loyalty had never wavered, sent deputies to my heroic protector, and, promising to obey his dictates, desired to see me re-instated on my throne, and defended from the insults of Cassivelaunus. We swore, and will for ever maintain inviolable fidelity to the Romans. Cæsar, my generous, my beloved benefactor, after defeating Cassivelaunus and his allies, granted them peace on this condition alone, that they should never molest the Trinobantians, or their prince. He left me to enjoy the fruits of his beneficence, and to live in admiration of his virtues. Life, dignity, and honour, my own happiness, and, what is far dearer to me, that of my people, all, all I owe

to your victorious ancestor: and I pour forth my fervent thanks to Heaven for having prolonged my existence to an unusual date, that I might see the moment in which I could, in some measure, testify my gratitude to the Romans, and to the Cæsarian family. Accept these gifts, and deem them not inconsiderable, since the power of bestowing them was conferred by Cæsar. Permit your soldiers to share these fruits: the trees from which they spring were planted by his army; those animals received their nourishment from the verdant pastures which the destructive Cassivelaunus had blasted with the horrors of war, but which the appearance of the godlike Cæsar, and his victorious troops, restored to their wonted peace.

"Accept, Germanicus, a tribute which servile adulation never offered: the Britons idolize their liberty, but they are not less attached to justice and to gratitude: formidable, but not implacable enemies, they are the most steady and most constant of allies.

"When the late tempest drove so many of your brave soldiers on our coasts, we lamented their misfortunes, but we joyfully embraced this occasion of convincing you that we are worthy of your friendship, and sensible of your former

kindness. May our example instruct other nations to respect the sacred force of treaties! May they learn from us never to take up arms against their benefactors! Steady asserters of our rights, the courage, with which Heaven has endowed us disdains to be employed in vain or seditious enterprizes: we never draw the sword but for justice: we never sheath it but in victory.

"I have dwelt with pleasure, Germanicus, on your praises. I would not close my eyes before I had beheld the worthiest imitator of the hero whose name you bear: his image is ever present to my mind, and I wish to imprint it on that of my children, by shewing them the man whose virtues most resemble those of my protector."

At this moment the two youths, who are his grandsons, advanced, and Germanicus embraced them with every demonstration of regard. We were all struck with admiration at the appearance and conversation of the venerable king of the Trinobantians: he distinguishes me with particular affection, because he remembers my grandfather amongst the chiefs who served with Cæsar, and retraces in my features something which recalls him to his memory.

Germanicus has prevailed with him to stay

a few days in the camp, and treats him in the most splendid manner. His grandsons have all the candour of youth, and the spirit of heroism; they are under no restraint in the society of Mandubratius, but his words are their oracles, and his will is their law.

The officers and soldiers, who are returned with him, relate wonders of the kindness and attention which have been shewn them: they say they have experienced all the charms of a frank and artless hospitality, equally distinct from the importunate civility of some of the neighbouring nations, and the blunt rusticity of others.

LETTER XL.

OUR respectable ally has this morning re-embarked with his followers, and the whole army regret his departure. Germanicus accompanied him to the sea shore, and none but the centinels remained in the camp, so general was the love and esteem he had excited. I have never quitted him during his stay here, and his grandsons have conceived a particular attachment for me: they have engaged him to promise they shall accept the invitation which Germanicus has given them to visit him at Rome.

Our general presented arms to the British warriors; to each of the youths a sword, enriched with jewels, and the most magnificent suits of armour he had saved from the storm: to Mandubratius he gave various trophies taken from the enemies, and the moment before the venerable prince stept into the boat, Germanicus, embracing him tenderly, took from his finger a gem, on which was the portrait of Julius

Cæsar, and begged him to wear it in remembrance of his friend, and of the son of Drusus.

This was too much for Mandubratius: he kissed a thousand times the respected image; then pressed Germanicus to his bosom, and turning to me, who stood near him, caught me in his arms. At length raising his eyes to heaven, and fervently praying for every blessing to be showered on the Roman people, he went on board his galley, which slowly rowed from shore, while scarcely one of us quitted the coast till the fleet was out of sight.

Our forces being now assembled, and our men having recovered their fatigue, Germanicus, notwithstanding the approach of winter, is determined to quell the insurrection encouraged by the report of his losses; and sends Caius Silius, with thirty thousand foot, and three thousand horse, into the territory of the Cattians, while he, with more considerable numbers, makes an inroad on the lands of the Marsians.

We learn from one of their chiefs, who lately submitted to our arms, that another of the eagles, belonging to our unfortunate legions, is buried under ground, and guarded by a party of the bravest Marsians.* I have besought Ger-

* The recovery of the eagle from Tacitus, Book 2.

manicus to intrust me with the command of the forces which he sends to recover it: an expedition indeed worthy of an older warrior; but my past misfortunes have given me some right to claim this honour; and our general not only complies with the request, but permits me to choose my partners in the enterprise.

At the instant in which I am writing, three letters from you have been brought me. My friend, how can I sufficiently testify my thankfulness for the part you take in all my concerns, for your generous resolution of sacrificing the pleasure you might have experienced in visiting Rome this winter, to the intention of making a journey through Greece in quest of Valerius. You say that your vicinity to that country facilitates the scheme. What does not friendship and beneficence render easy?

I learn the prevailing opinion at Rome is, that my uncle, disgusted with the present government, has retired with his daughter to some remote and solitary retreat, either in Achaia or Thessaly. Those of his friends, who are in our army, seem to adopt this opinion; all but Cæcina, who is not at present with us, having been sent with the legions by land; but he writes to me that he is too well acquainted with

the principles of Valerius, to suppose he would voluntarily abandon his country, when his counsels and assistance are most wanted. There is, indeed no reason to doubt but he embarked at Brundusium.

LETTER XLI.*

MY expedition in quest of the eagle, which succeeded to every wish, has gained me some intelligence of the unfortunate Sigismar. When the party, under my command, arrived at the place which had been pointed out to us, I detached half my number with orders to encompass the spot where our ensign was interred, while, with the remainder, I attacked the enemy and drew them from the contested ground. They made an obstinate resistance; but our efforts were at length successful, and we carried off the eagle in triumph to Germanicus.

Amongst the prisoners taken in this skirmish, there was a Marsian of note, with whom I entered into conversation, as he seemed well acquainted with the Cheruscans, having served in the allied army, and being nearly connected with Arminius. He informed me that Morven was killed in the first battle fought on the borders of the

* Tacitus, Book 2.

Visurgis; that he had been in high favour with Arminius, and commanded the body of troops, formerly led by Cariovaldas. On my enquiring further into the cause of this change of sentiments in the prince, the Marsian replied, that during the winter Arminius had visited the territories of the late Cariovaldas, with an intention of punishing those subjects, who, he had been informed, were in rebellion against their chief; but that on his arrival all had submitted to his mercy, and, by the counsels of a stranger named Philocles, offered every atonement for a crime into which they were driven by the temerity of their deceased chief: that Arminius was appeased by their submission, having, upon a fuller enquiry into the motives of their past conduct, found them to originate in a deference for the priests on one hand, and for Cariovaldas on the other. "These motives," said the Marsian, "appeared worthy of his clemency; the people returned to their duty, and Philocles and Morven, who had always opposed the former chief, became the first favourites of Arminius, who, offended with the different representation of Sigismar, withdrew his countenance from the youth and deprived him of his father's possessions: nevertheless, Sigismar, being of acknowledged

bravery, retains his rank in the army, and has signalized himself in all our combats by a valour approaching to rashness; but is no longer one of the companions of Arminius. This apparent disgrace affects him so deeply that he shuns all intercourse with his countrymen, and has always fought in the ranks of the Bructerians. Philocles, who is well versed in the military theory of the Greeks and Romans has been useful to our leader, and by his correspondence with some Athenians in the army of Germanicus, has often obtained that intelligence of your motions, which we despaired of acquiring by any other means."

As you know the warmth of my disposition, you will readily conceive, my dear Septimius, the indignation with which I listened to this narrative. The flight of Arminius and his army, has nearly destroyed every hope I might have conceived to alleviate the present sufferings of my friend; and his well-known fidelity will not permit me to think of detaching him from the interest of the Cheruscans. The Marsian was ignorant of the fate of Vercennis and Bertha; but he believes the uncle of the latter did not join the allied forces.

To resume the account of our military opera-

tions, I must inform you that we have indefatigably pursued our successes. Few of the Marsians have dared to make any resistance, these few have been easily routed: and our prisoners acknowledge that there never was among the Germans so universal a terror of the Roman name. They consider it as a prodigy, that men, whose fleet had been destroyed, their arms and horses buried in the sea, and the shores covered with the dead bodies of their companions, should in so short a time repair their losses, and with unshaken fortitude, as it should seem, pour in greater numbers upon the enemy: they declare it would be madness to contend with an invincible people over whom fortune has no power.

Caius Silius has had equal success against the Cattians. All being once more reduced to obedience, and tranquillity restored, we shall direct our march towards our winter quarters, whence my next letter will be dated. Farewell, my friend!

LETTER XLII*.

GERMANICUS has received such pressing letters from the emperor, that he can no longer delay his return to Rome. Tiberius insists on his presence to complete the celebration of his triumph, and to exercise in person the functions of consul, to which he offers him the next election; and, if all these marks of distinction should have no influence, he conjures him at least to leave some enemies by whose defeat his brother Drusus may acquire the laurel and imperial title; Germany being now the only field where distinguished honours are to be gained. This last consideration has determined our general; though, I believe, he is very sensible of the artifice of Tiberius: for as to the Germans, it is probable the emperor will henceforth leave them to their internal dissensions. Germanicus wished for another season, to complete the pacification of the

* Tacitus, Book 2.

province, and to establish such just and salutary laws, as might give it solidity: but though this satisfaction has been denied him, his past actions have secured to him that glory, which is beyond the reach of malice and envy.

I feel a mingled sensation of joy and sorrow as the time approaches for revisiting my native country. Septimius absent; Valerius banished, and perhaps for ever; Aurelia united to another, and Tiberius on the throne! How different were my expectations when I departed! Yet one of my most ardent wishes has been gratified: I return no unworthy citizen; my country will not refuse to open her parental arms to a son who has fought her battles, and who has preferred her honour to every other consideration. Such is my consolation, Septimius; but unused as I am to the intrigues of courts, to the falseness of society, to the reserve of suspicious intercourse, how can I leave without regret a camp where confidence presided over our conversations, where our duty was our pleasure and ambition, and where due subordination maintained uninterrupted harmony. For emulation I shall now meet envy; for friendship, ceremony; and for obedience, slavery. In one word, I must ex-

change the command of Germanicus for that of Tiberius.

Yet let me not anticipate misfortunes: our life cannot be regulated by our desires; it must flow conformably with our duties, since we have no right to hope for enjoyments which we have not merited.

If I cannot free my country from the evils into which she is plunged, it remains with me to bear a part with constancy and firmness: I will, at least, endeavour to assist in maintaining her honour abroad, if it is not granted me to restore her liberty at home.

I shall not, without regret, quit a country where I have passed several years, and to which probably I may never return. All local images that were once unpleasant to reflection are found to lose their force, when our departure from the place that gave them birth, removes all apprehensions of their being again renewed.

The fate of Sigismar distresses and alarms me, and I feel much resentment and affliction for the injury done to his father's memory.

Germanicus, whom I shall accompany in his journey, means to pass through the southern

part of Gaul, where he has some differences to settle amongst the inhabitants. This will afford me an opportunity of writing to you again before we reach Italy.

LETTER XLIII.

WE are now at Nemausis,* and a few days, Septimius, will restore me to the delightful Hesperia. Our journey has been rapid, and Germanicus has strictly forbidden those demonstrations of regard with which the various cities in our way had prepared to receive him. At Lugdunum† we were shewn the aqueduct built by Marc Anthony, while he was quæstor in Gaul, and the highway for which the public is indebted to Agrippa;‡ but the inhabitants are much more vain of shewing an altar erected to Augustus in his life-time, and relate with inexpressible satisfaction, that it was dedicated on the same day as Claudius,§ the brother of our

* Nismes, in Languedoc.

† Lyons, capital of the Lionnois in France.

‡ Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, the friend of Augustus, a great and successful general.

§ Claudius Cæsar afterwards Emperor.

general, was born in the city. I do not believe that Germanicus himself considers either of these circumstances very honourable to the town of Lugdunum, or the Cæsarian family.

The gentle Arar * was frozen, while the impetuous Rhone pursued his course with uninterrupted celerity, an emblem of those minds whose activity renders them superior to the common obstacles of life. We continued our journey along the banks of the river to Vienna: † this capital of the Allobrogians ‡ is built in a most picturesque situation, and only wants the advantages of a happier climate: it increases daily in splendour and magnificence: new edifices adorn the streets, and a temple § is now erecting to Augustus and Livia. The environs of Vienna are planted with gardens, and decorated with villas. We climbed a high hill,

* Arar, the Saone.

† Vienna, Vienne in Dauphiny, an archbishoprick on the borders of the Rhone.

‡ Allobrogians, Dauphinese and Savoyards.

§ Now a church, called Notre Dame de la Vie; the inscription discovered, like that of the Maison quarrée at Nismes, by the holes left from nailing on the letters. There are many remains of antiquities at Vienne.

which overlooks the town, to view the fortifications* made by Julius Cæsar. Two castles,† placed on separate eminences, add strength to these works, and command an extensive and agreeable view of the windings of the Rhone.

The borders of the river in summer have a pleasing variety, but in the present season all is wretched and desolate. We passed with difficulty the river Isara,‡ the waves of which swelled into a torrent near their junction with the Rhone, where he saw the temples§ of Hercules and Mars, raised by Fabius Maximus Emilianus, after he had, with thirty thousand of our troops, defeated two hundred thousand of the natives. Wherever a Roman passes he meets with objects that excite his respect and emulation; our victories give celebrity to the countries which have submitted to our arms, and, in future ages, these will probably fix their epoch from the conquests of the Romans.

You would have smiled, Septimius, to have been a witness of the pleasure I experienced

* The ruins of them are still to be seen.

† Pipet and Labadie.

‡ L'Isere.

§ Strabo's geography.

BIBLIOTHECA MODENESE

when, after so long an absence from these happy climes, I first perceived the trees of Minerva that supply the means of cheerful light and wholesome nourishment. Germanicus, who never omits to visit whatever appears worthy of his curiosity, having been told of a remarkable fountain in the territories of the Vocontians,* we went thither, and did not repent the delay which it occasioned. The fountain forms a small river that throws itself into the Rhone. After directing our steps towards the source, along the serpentine stream, shaded with osier and willows, we arrived at a narrow valley, encompassed with barren rocks of an immense height. The hoarse murmur of the waters, broken by the rocks, and covered with foam, convinced us that we were approaching near the cavern whence they derive their origin. At length we perceived a tremendous excavation, formed by the hand of nature, through which the stream bursts forth to light; and after falling from rock to rock in various cascades, winds peaceably along the valley and adjacent plains. The depth of the cavern is un-

* Avignonese, and inhabitants of the Comtat Venaissin. This passage alludes to the fountain of Vaucluse, celebrated by Petrarch.

fathomable: sometimes, as the inhabitants related to us, the water is far below the level at which we saw it, and at others, rises considerably higher. This valley seems a fit place for meditation and poetry, and a favourite of the Muses might here complain of some cruel fair, or mourn her loss with descriptive beauties sufficient to render the spot immortal; at the same time it is not adapted to create cheerful images. The adjacent country is fertile, and finely interspersed with rivulets and meadows; but on the banks of the Rhone they know no other winds than those which blow directly from the North or South, both violent to an extreme degree, and productive of excessive cold or heat. The conflict of these winds often excites a tempest on the river, in which state we crossed it.

Through rocks made passable by the toil of Cæsar's legions, we arrived at Nemausis, a city which Germanicus was obliged to visit, though it lengthened our journey.

I have here admired a beautiful temple,* raised to the short-lived honour of Caius and Lucius Cæsar,† who were snatched from all the favours

* Maison quarrée de Nismes.

† Caius and Lucius Cæsar, sons of Agrippa and Julia, adopted by Augustus.

of fortune before they could know their fallacy. While I contemplated this magnificent and elegant structure, the fluted columns, the light and sumptuous capitals, the profusion of ornaments, and all the excellence of art directed by the hand of genius, my spirits were struck with a sudden damp. I reflected that, since my return to our legions, I had heard that Julia, the mother of these princes, she to whose sons and father temples have been erected, Julia, daughter of the master of the world, died of famine* in an obscure angle of his empire! O Tiberius! was it for you to punish the errors of her who owed her being to your benefactor, who first led you to fortune and distinction? What reason, Septimius, have I to flatter myself that Valerius has been spared?

This place has a noble fountain,† and many temples, amongst which is the splendid fane of Diana;‡ likewise an ampitheatre,§ and various other edifices, contributing to the ornament of the city, which acknowledges the Egyptians for its founders, as the palm tree and

* Tacitus and other historians.

† The substruction of the ancient works is now visible.

‡ § Both still remaining in tolerable preservation.

crocodile on the gates and principal buildings seem manifestly to denote. The situation is not favourable, and the air is less pure than where hills and vallies diversify the scene. Germanicus has administered justice on the tribunal, and to-morrow we depart for Liguria, meaning to cross the maritime Alps in our way to Rome.

LETTER XLIV.

WE are detained, Septimius, in a small village of Liguria,* by the torrent which is impassable; my impatience daily increases, and every moment seems longer to me now than weeks and months before I approached so near the capital of our empire.

After quitting Nemausis we again crossed the Rhone, and travelled through the dusty plains of the Roman province,† where I saw but too many of the olive trees, the first appearance of which had given me such pleasing emotions. Scarce any other trees enliven the tedious road, and had not the remembrance of Marius near Aquæ sextiæ‡ induced us to visit the field of battle, where he

* The ancient Liguria comprehended not only the Genoese territories, bnt also part of Lombardy, &c.

† Provençe and part of Languedoc.

‡ Aquæ sextiæ, Aix in Provençe, an archbishoprick, and capital of the province. See Plutarch, life of Marius.

defeated the Teutons and Ambrones,* no interesting object would have presented itself to our view. I surveyed with delight the place, overshadowed by a chain of lofty mountains, where this experienced and indefatigable leader subdued such numerous and warlike enemies: my imagination represented him crowned with garlands of victory, and raising the torch to consume a pile of conquered arms, while his friends came riding hastily over the plain, to announce that he was nominated to his fifth consulate.

At Massilia† we stayed two days, on account of the applications made to Germanicus; and though he had positively declined to receive any public honours, we were importuned with harangues, congratulatory poems, and all that literary adulation could invent. We were not left a moment to ourselves, and had scarcely leisure to contemplate the famous Temple of Apollo, and that of the Ephesian Diana.‡ The air of Massi-

* Ambrones and Teutones, Swiss and Germans.

† Marseille.

‡ Strabo, &c. The abbaye de St. Victor is supposed to have been founded on the ruins of the ancient temple of Diana.

lia is salubrious, but tempests are frequent, and the coast dangerous for navigators: the country is barren and dreary since the soldiers of Julius Cæsar were compelled to cut down the sacred forest. The inhabitants may still deserve the pleasing character given them by Cicero, and no doubt they retain many features of ancient Greece, though colonists oftener transplant the vices than the virtues of their mother country. The Massilians yet enjoy the reputation of frugality, regularity of life, and great application to their studies; for which reason many of the Romans send their children to be educated amongst them, but we do not find that they become either soldiers or statesmen in consequence of this education; and, what would lead me to suspect the sincerity of their instructors, they return with the specious theory rather than the essential practice of morality. How often have I heard this remark from Valerius, who never could support the idea, that Roman youths were to imbibe Grecian manners. Less rigid in his expressions than Cato the censor, but equally firm in his principles, he advised me not to neglect the literature of the Greeks, but never to rely on their philosophy. Had my belief in the wisdom of Valerius needed

any confirmation, my knowledge of Philocles would have been sufficient to convince me.

At Telonum* we found a climate resembling that of Italy, and a haven† formed by nature for the safety of mariners. It has the appearance of a spacious lake, surrounded by hills, which protect it from every blast, and conceal the entrance from those who are within its circle. Like me, Septimius, you have undoubtedly rejoiced to observe in your travels any port well defended from the winds and waves. The hardy seaman is condemned to a life of toil and peril: surely his intervals of rest should be free from care and solicitude. Methinks a dangerous and unsafe harbour resembles a treacherous friend. How wretched is the man who, after being all day agitated with the troubles of the world, cannot find in the evening security and repose in the midst of his family and connexions!

We embarked at Telonum, and sailing through the small cluster of islands that compose the Stoechades,‡ were delighted with the fragrance

* Toulon.

† The road of Toulon.

‡ Les isles d'Hieres.

emitted from the groves of orange trees and odoriferous plants, that give the country an appearance of perpetual spring; but how deceitful is this appearance! the miserable inhabitants, by their pale and meagre aspect, demonstrate too clearly at what a price this verdure must be purchased. Exposed to all the ardour of the sun, and to the noxious blasts of the south, their feverish summers make them envy those who dwell amid Riphæan snows, while they loathe the golden fruits which tempt the passing traveller. Hence, coasting along the rocky shores, over which hang woods of olive trees, we descried the sandy plains and lofty mansions of Forum Julii,* the smiling villas of Nicæa,† the steepy height of Hercules Monoeces,‡ and the ancient Sabuasia,§ where Germanicus intended to disembark, and pursue his journey by the Emilian‖

* A bishoprick in Provençe, now called Frejus.

† Nice, belonging to his Sardinian Majesty.

‡ Monaco, a small town belonging to the prince of that name, with a French garrison.

§ Savona, a small city and sea port, belonging to the Genoese.

‖ Road made by Emilius Scaurus. Strabo.

way. But a contrary wind having prevented us from making the harbour, we were forced to continue our voyage, till at length we landed at the capital of the maritime Ligurians, a place long the seat of war, and possessed alternately by the Carthaginians and Romans.

Genoa is surrounded with high and almost inaccessible mountains. The inhabitants, whose industry and love of gain have been perhaps implanted in them by nature, lest they should starve amidst the rocks on which their city is founded, have scarce any resemblance to the other natives of our regions. Their enjoyments are few, and they seem not to desire more; they live in a constant series of hardships, and labour to amass treasures which are not lavishly squandered: but their ideas may change, and magnificent structures may one day adorn these barren hills; for where are the people that do not sooner or later seek to vie with their neighbours in pomp and splendour?

We crossed the maritime Alps* in the midst of rain, snow, and tempestuous winds. Having attained their summits involved in clouds, we seemed to be separated from the rest of mortals; the darkness of the sky, and contention of the ele-

* Passage of the maritime Alps. La Bocchetta.

ments, increased the desolate appearance of these barren mountains, which have been long respected as the primeval ramparts of our state. The Alps and Apennines may indeed be termed our natural protectors: but, like all such boundaries, they are insufficient if not defended by courage and vigilance. The excessive confidence which they once inspired was the chief cause of the terrors felt at Rome, after the massacres of Allia, Trebia, and Thrasimene. The besieged always feel less alacrity than the besiegers; and they who trust to impracticable roads, or other local defences, are in the situation of the former. The Spartans disdained to surround their city with a wall; and never were the Romans so great, as when they discovered, by experience, the insufficiency of these barriers. The Ligurians, on the contrary, still glory in being almost inaccessible; and conceive their safety to depend on rocks and precipices, and their liberty on seclusion from the rest of mankind. By their adherence to such principles were we constrained to make war upon them for eighty successive years, in order to obtain a piece of ground fifteen hundred paces* in length for the public road.

As soon as the torrent permits us to move, we

* Strabo.

shall lose no time in proceeding on our journey. Agrippina and her children are already at Rome, as well as the officers, and part of the army that will appear in the triumph; these have received orders to conduct the prisoners, and to bear the trophies and spoils of the enemy. But those victories that have been gained with most toil and danger, do not always afford the most splendid appearance in the streets of Rome. Eastern magnificence incites to plunder, and gold and jewels may be easily won, while the osier shield of the German is scarce ever acquired without a long and arduous conflict.

LETTER XLV.

WHAT a singular and pleasing contrast, my friend, between the bleak and desolate mountains whence I last addressed you, and the fertile plains of Cisalpine Gaul,* which opened to our view as we arrived in the neighbourhood of Derthon!† The variety of fruit trees intermixed with the tall and elegant poplar, the wide extended corn fields, the verdant meadows covered with innumerable flocks and herds, and watered by inexhaustible rivulets, the commodious dwellings and cheerful appearance of the peasants, clearly demonstrate their happiness, and excite the most pleasing sensations in the mind of the traveller. I dwelt with satisfaction on this prospect of tranquil prosperity and guiltless treasures; I felt no weariness from the uniformity of the scene; I wanted neither hills to diversify the ground, nor cataracts to

* Lombardy.

† Tortona, belonging to the king of Sardinia.

disturb the melodious song of the nightingale. On comparing this country with that I had left, it appeared to me like the pleasures of content after the pursuits of ambition; but the season was favourable to my reflections, for though we had been detained in Liguria by the waters, swoln with accidental rains, the approach of summer had not yet thawed the mass of snow, which a few weeks later will fall in torrents from the mountains and overflow these beauteous plains with extensive desolation. Industry, and unwearied attention have put some stop to these ravages: and little traces now exist of the marshes where Hannibal and his army suffered more from the inconveniences of climate, than from the valour of our armies. The navigable canal* of Emilius Scaurus, from Placentia to Parma, is one of those great works of public utility which deserve the gratitude of ages; but how much was I affected, my friend, before I arrived at the former of these colonies, when I passed the river Trebia! How deeply did I feel the misfortunes and dishonour which remembrance seems to have perpetuated on its banks! A routed army, two consuls flying in dis-

* Strabo. Some remains of it are to be seen on the road between Piacenza and Parma.

order from a foreign invader! Surely the massacre of Teutoburgium is less disgraceful to the Roman arms: our legions were murdered, but those of Sempronius were defeated.

Near the river Scutana,* I perceived large flocks of the sheep whose fleeces are so much esteemed for their delicate and glossy fineness, while those of Liguria have a wool that denotes the rudeness of the mountains which gave them birth. The plains round Mutina† are filled with these harmless and useful animals: they graze uninterruptedly on those fields, which were once a scene of slaughter and civil fury, where two consuls perished in arms against their fellow soldiers, and where Augustus laid the foundation of that power which no reverse of fortune could afterwards destroy.

I was pleased to review the ground where one of my ancestors‡ overthrew the Ligurians, and freed the inhabitants of this country from their perpetual incursions. We passed hastily over the Apennines, and through part of Umbria, where we saw an immense number of the caverns,

* La Secchia.

† Modena, capital of the duchy of that name.

‡ Caius Flaminius. Livy, Book 39.

which served anciently as retreats for our hostile neighbours, though not inaccessible to Roman bravery.

In our way through Etruria, I have not had time to adopt your practice of making enquiries into the ancient rites and customs of a nation, to which the Romans were indebted for so many of their religious and political ceremonies. You bid me recollect that our triumphal and consular ornaments, as well as our music, came originally from Tarquinium: I had no opportunity of making new remarks on any of these subjects except the latter: music is still the darling passion of the Tuscans; their voices are melodious, and even the peasants speak with a propriety that amazes me. Amongst the shepherds of the environs of Clusium, I thought I could trace the courtesy which distinguished the good Porsenna; and as we were coming down the hill, or rather precipice, which was formerly a part of his dominions, we found many of them employed in digging out of the ruins of a decayed building several vases, which, like many others discovered in this country, as well as in the more southern parts of Italy, bear evident marks of their Grecian original. On one of them we perceived the figures of Orestes and Pylades, at the tomb

of Agamemnon; and on another those of Penelope and her attendants at work. The form of these vases is simple and elegant, and the designs on them are expressive though without shadows or colouring.

We are now at Volsinium* a city once opulent and respected for good morals and excellent laws, till its inhabitants, enervated by luxury, suffered their slaves to intrude themselves into the senate, and afterwards to commit every excess which low born tyranny can invent or perpetrate. Their reign, indeed, could not be lasting, but was sufficiently long to annihilate the glory of Volsinium. Who would now conceive that this obscure municipal town was formerly chief of the twelve principal cities of Etruria; or that Sejanus,† one of its least deserving natives, should at present be

* Bolsena, now belonging to the Pope. Livy, Valerius Maximus, &c.

† Tacitus, Book 4. The prætorian cohorts were the emperor's guards; præfect of the prætorium, their commander; this was an employment instituted by Augustus, and equalled in dignity the dictator's master of the horse in the time of the republic: it was the highest military rank, after that of emperor: in later times the prætorian guards often made their commander emperor.

intrusted with the command of the prætorian cohorts?

The situation of Volsinium is by no means pleasing, being rendered damp and unwholesome from the vicinity of the lakes; but the soil is peculiarly fertile. I was delighted, at Aqulæ,* with the variety of hills and vallies, and the coolness and beauty of the cascades. It was at this place, a few miles before we arrived at Volsinium, that we were met by Drusus, who, impatient to embrace his brother, had quitted Rome, as soon as he heard of his approach: he congratulated me on my return, with unusual kindness, and spoke of you in terms that soon endeared him to me.

"Septimius," said he, "is our common friend, and your attachment to him cannot be greater than mine. I acknowledge the superiority of his virtues: when he is near me, he resembles a protecting genius, who saves me from my own impetuosity, and renders me more worthy of being called the brother of Germanicus. Every destructive passion gives way to his admonitions, I feel an internal tranquillity unknown to me when immersed in thoughtless dissipation or tumultuous pleasures. All my study then is to imitate the

* Aquapendente,

conduct of Septimius: his military talents are universally confessed, and his literary acquirements and unprejudiced philosophy acknowledged by the learned; but you and Drusus only can do justice to the virtues of his heart. We all pursued at the same time the sports of childhood, but Septimius makes me blush when I reflect how differently I have employed the few years in which he has since attained such various perfection."

Thus, my friend, did the candid Drusus bear testimony to your merit: be not offended with me for repeating your praises: they reflect honour on the person who uttered them.

The lively imagination and engaging figure of Drusus, joined to the unfortunate distinction of being the son of Tiberius, must necessarily expose him to all the errors created or cherished by adulation. Surrounded with the favours of fortune, he is still dissatisfied, and frequently complains to Germanicus of the insolent Sejanus, who enjoys all the confidence of his father; and he has hinted some displeasure at the behaviour of Livia, who, I fear, does not resemble in disposition either her mother Antonia, or our general. Germanicus prudently advised him to bear, with moderation or contempt, the haughty demeanour

of the favourite, and promised to counsel his sister in respect to that part of her conduct which meets with the disapprobation of her husband.

Drusus expresses the highest veneration for the talents and virtues of Valerius; and has increased my anxiety by assuring me that Sejanus is his implacable enemy: he interests himself warmly in discovering the place of his retreat, and has already made fruitless attempts to investigate the ultimate cause of his departure. This extraordinary zeal for restoring to the senate a distinguished lover of his country, whose principles must give constant umbrage to the emperor, surprised me greatly in a young man who passes for one totally indifferent to the affairs of the republic, and whose sole occupation has hitherto been the pursuit of his pleasures; but an expression that escaped from him, developed the mystery. While he was exclaiming against the insolence of Sejanus, who dared to control the free opinions of men of birth and senatorial dignity, he added, with indignation sparkling in his eyes, that he had carried his temerity so far as to aspire to an union with Valeria, the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and, in every respect, the most distinguished woman in

Rome; that he had not dared to demand her directly of her father, and could not, with all his influence, prevail on the emperor to interest himself in his suit, but had engaged some of his adherents to make the proposal, which was rejected by Valerius with a just disdain. "Since that time," continued Drusus, "he has never ceased to calumniate your uncle, and has at length deprived our city of its brightest ornament. Whenever," added he with a deep sigh, "I pass before the mansion of Valerius, I feel myself so much agitated—so much enraged—that were I that moment to encounter Sejanus, I could not refrain from plunging my weapon in his heart."

Germanicus and myself put an end to this conversation by conjuring Drusus to restrain his temper: I assured him no power on earth should prevent me from demanding justice on those who had calumniated the honour of Valerius; that the care of his reputation, and the welfare of his family regarded myself alone, and that I wished to have no partner in the perils to which my remonstrances might expose me. To this he made no reply, but soon after retired to rest, as did Germanicus. Early to-morrow we pursue our journey to Rome, where I hope to find letters

from you. I dispatch this by a messenger of one of the prætors, whom I casually met this evening, and would not omit an opportunity of writing to Septimius.

LETTER XLVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many circumstances that cloud the future prospect of my life, I felt a momentary rapture at the sight of imperial Rome. You are well acquainted, my friend, with the country through which we directed our course from Volsinium hither: every city* poured forth its inhabitants to gain a sight of their beloved Germanicus: all the prætorian cohorts, stationed in Rome, issued out to meet him, though only two had received such orders. The Roman people, of either sex, and of every age and rank, came in crowds as far as to the twentieth mile stone from the city, to welcome home their long expected hero. Every voice, every countenance proclaimed with what facility he might have rendered himself master of our empire. He is satisfied with the universal esteem and attachment of which he has daily proofs;

* The honours paid to Germanicus are mentioned by all historians.

but avoids giving way to the pleasing feelings of his breast, lest he should be suspected of affecting popularity. The most painful tribute virtue is constrained to pay to vice, is the perpetual self-denial to which it is condemned; the innocent effusions of sensibility, must often be suppressed that they may not be ill interpreted by such minds as are strangers to it. Often did I observe the bosom of Cæsar heave with an involuntary sigh, while with averted eyes he seemed to steal a glance on the demonstrations of affection, which he would so gladly have shared.

Our journey was delightful, and every object became more and more interesting to me as we approached nearer to the capital. You have often admired the Ciminian lake,* and the woods that hang over its banks: nothing can exceed their beauty in the present season. As we climbed the steepy ascent that leads to the top of the mountain, we were enchanted by the sight of a variety of plants and flowery shrubs, that grow intermixed with the sycamore and chesnut

* Lake of Vico, between Viterbo and Ronciglione. The Ciminian mountain is now called simply la Montagne. The present pope has made an excellent road over it.

trees, by the different hue of the verdure, the transparency of the lake beneath us, the song of innumerable birds, and the perfume of the flowers. Even Drusus, who does not appear a great observer of the beauties of nature, confessed the pleasure he experienced, and stopped to contemplate the prospect which opened to our view. " You must find a great difference," said he to our general, " between these groves, worthy the island of Cythera, and your Hercynian forest: the change is not uninteresting, and deserves the raptures which you seem to feel."

" It must be owned," returned Germanicus, " that nothing can be more enchanting than the scene before us, yet there was a time when the Ciminian forest was as formidable* to the Roman people as the woods of Germany have lately been; when the passage through it was considered as so arduous and hazardous an exploit, that it was not thought advisable to permit the general to attempt it. Yet Fabius was superior to these prejudices, and justified, by his success, a conduct which otherwise would have been condemned as the most culpable temerity. What

* Florus, Livy, &c.

praises were bestowed on his adventurous brother, who, having been taught the Etruscan language, as we are now instructed in the Greek, undertook to explore this terrific passage in the disguise of a peasant! There are few difficulties which courage and perseverance cannot surmount; and often, when I have been debating with myself whether I should expose the army of Tiberius to the peril of a doubtful enterprise, I have been confirmed by the remembrance of Fabius, crowned with victory, and past the confines of these woods, giving the account of his conquests to the astonished tribunes who had been sent from Rome to conjure him not to venture over the fearful mountain. Neither Marcus nor myself can be insensible to the charms of this spot in its present state of beauty; but we have experienced far greater satisfaction in the wilds of Germany, after a hard fought engagement, than we can ever feel from the most seducing prospect that Italy may afford."

I readily assented to the observation of Germanicus, and Drusus agreed that the majestic oaks, which shade the descent from the Ciminian hill, conveyed to him more sublime ideas than the gay and variegated appearance of the groves

through which we had passed to attain the summit.

I now saw mount Soracte,* rearing his lofty head in the midst of our spacious plain; and as we arrived at Rome by the Flaminian way, I traced with satisfaction this memorial of the services rendered to the republic by my ancestors. I should have blushed to tread this memorable road, if I had not done my utmost to imitate their patriotic zeal. Thus, when I passed the rivulet of Cremera, I could not help reflecting on the advantages to be reaped from a proper sense of the dignity and merit of our forefathers. The three hundred Fabii who there fell so gloriously in defence of their country, are the models on which their descendants have been formed to every virtue; and this very action had its source in the same noble pride. The Fabii wished to give an exalted proof of the transcendent valour of their illustrious family: ambition like this gives birth to a nation of heroes, and private emulation becomes a public benefit.

I crossed the Tiber with such emotions as I

* Mount Sainte Oreste.

should in vain endeavour to describe. I saluted, from the Milvian bridge, the Sabine hills, the Fidenian plains, and every well-known object that recalled to my mind a train of circumstances long banished from my memory. New villas were presented to my sight, increasing magnificence announced the mistress of the world; and when we stopped at the mansion, where Germanicus had appointed Agrippina to await his coming, I almost forgot that I had no parent to receive me!

Our leader pressed me to accept of a hospitable welcome on the Hortulan hill,* where he means to remain till he makes his triumphal entry into Rome; but numberless reasons induced me to decline the proposal. I found my villa in the same suburb, ready for my reception, and my affairs in much better order than I could have reason to expect. Your cares, and those of the faithful Philo, have re-instated all things as my father left them; and I have refused the restitution, generously offered me, for the time in which I was absent, by my heirs, who had supposed themselves in lawful possession of my estates.

* Milvian bridge, Ponte Molle. Mount Pincio, now enclosed within the walls of Rome.

I am now the inhabitant of a vast dwelling, the splendor of which is useless, and the extent of which reminds me that I am solitary. I wander from room to room in search of inhabitants, and only find animated statues, who obey my commands without sharing my feelings. Many of my former acquaintance have indeed visited me, and expressed great satisfaction at my return. The praises bestowed by Germanicus on my conduct procure me demonstrations of esteem from many, with whom I was before unacquainted; but all these have their separate connexions and societies: with them they pass their days in familiar intercourse: an uninterrupted reciprocation of cares and pleasures has given them a mutual knowledge of the same events, and has communicated to them the same ideas. To most of these I am a stranger; all appears new to me, and my curiosity would often exact details, the repetition of which must be tiresome to those from whom I might hope for information. Germanicus alone can feel for my situation; but, since our arrival, he has constantly been employed with Tiberius, whom I have not yet seen.

Drusus, though ever engaged in new amusements, always seems to feel a vacuity in life, and

hopes every fresh object will remove the discontent he so often experiences: he courts my friendship, and uses every effort to entertain me: his regard for you interests me in his favour, and I lament that he is the son of Tiberius.

Your letters from Greece will direct me in search of Valerius as soon as the triumph has taken place, for which the most splendid preparations are making, which necessarily occasion delay. The emperor, as I am informed, affects to praise the actions of our leader, but always intermixes some remark on his pretended temerity, and disapproves of the sensibility which induced him to assist at the funeral honours* paid to the memory of our unfortunate legions, because an ancient superstition forbade our generals to approach the dead. Such strictures, which can only excite the indignation of the good, and the ridicule of the wise, are seriously repeated by Sejanus and his party, and the most irreligious and most immoral characters of Rome inveigh against Germanicus for transgressing the laws of the Pontifex. Agrippina is highly exasperated at these conversations; but our general, conscious of his steady adherence to every noble and

* Tacitus, Book 1.

honourable sentiment, secure in love to his country and loyalty to his prince, disdains the malice of his enemies, and never breathes a complaint against the emperor.

I cannot, however, blame the indignation of Agrippina; the persecution of her family has been notorious: how dreadful was the fate of her last unhappy brother,* who, though adopted by Augustus, and the only remaining hope of the Cæsarian line, was condemned to live a miserable outcast in Planasia,† and at length murdered by the successful Tiberius. It is not possible that Augustus could ever wish his death: all Rome has seen through the thin disguise with which the new emperor sought to veil his guilt; and he has, in some measure, received the punishment of his crime in the terrors to which he has been exposed by the conspiracy of Clemens. This daring slave, who made the inhabitants of our municipal towns and colonies believe that he was Posthumous Agrippa, had even imposed on many persons in the capital; and was not more supported in the fraud by a singular resemblance to his deceased master, than by the protection of

* Posthumous Agrippa, son of Agrippa and Julia. Tacitus Book 1. and 2. and other historians.

† Pianosa, an island in the Mediterranean.

various senators and other citizens of note, who were happy to find an opportunity of exciting seditions against the emperor. The death of Clemens, and the secrecy observed on the occasion, appear to have put an end to this extraordinary transaction, but the party was considerable, and the alarms of Tiberius will not easily be quieted. It is unfortunate that any plots of this nature should ever have been conceived, as they seem to justify the precautions of tyranny, and create distrust and apprehensions which often become fatal to characters incapable of joining in any unworthy confederacy.

LETTER XLVII.

AFTER inhabiting rude and uninteresting regions, where the long wished return of summer affords some repose from ill, rather than enjoyment of pleasure, you will easily believe, my friend, with what admiration I behold the charms diffused by spring over the seven hills and their beauteous environs. All nature wears a new enlivened aspect: with inexpressible delight I contemplate the azure sky, illuminated by the golden orb of day, or by the soft lustre of the unclouded moon, whose rays never appeared to me so pure, so transparent, as in this country. As soon as the dawn appears, I wander through the fields which our ancestors have consecrated by their valour, or trace the banks of Tiber, whose yellow waves are dignified by the reflection of those edifices, where now reside the rulers of the world, and which formerly were the asylum of the bravest and most virtuous of mortals.

This morning my steps were directed towards

a spot which afforded me a melancholy satisfaction. You remember the Gallic Druid, whose habitation joined the magnificent gardens of Sallust:* when I departed from Rome, he bade me soon return, or age, whose rapid, though imperceptible advances, reminded him of approaching dissolution, would preclude our second meeting. Alas! his fears were but too true: his urn is all that remains, and I wished by visiting this to pay the last tribute to the memory of a man in whose society I had passed so many pleasing and instructive hours. In a small grove of cypresses, near the place of his dwelling, stands the monument of my friend: I remained long in contemplation of its awful gloom, and felt a regret which time can never efface.

His mind was strong and penetrating; his imagination clear and lively; his heart warm with benevolence, and his memory uncommonly retentive. Transplanted early from his country, he retained few of the prejudices to which nature and a limited education condemn those, who have

* Gardens of Sallust on Mount Pincio; part of the ground now belongs to the French Minimes of the Trinité du Mont. The account of the Gallic Druid alludes to Pere Jacquier, well known in England as Commentator of Sir Isaac Newton.

not experienced his advantages. He was never tenacious of the honour of his profession, except when it was unjustly attacked. His mathematical and astronomical knowledge will transmit his fame to posterity; and the various scenes of life, in which he had been an actor or spectator, joined to the natural eloquence with which he related past events, rendered his conversation peculiarly interesting. He wrote our language with accuracy and elegance, and was considerably versed in the Greek. Condemned in the early part of his life to the severe seclusion of Druidical discipline, he passed those years in acquiring the profoundest knowledge, and studied truth in spite of superstitious error. His long retirement made him afterwards particularly sensible to the charms of society, which he courted by every means that could instruct or entertain. Eager for praise, but worthy of obtaining it, solicitous of regard, but deserving of that affection which he so warmly repaid, he was beloved by the good, esteemed by the wise, and distinguished by the great.

Such was the man whom I cannot but lament, though his advanced age forbade me to expect a long enjoyment of his society. During my infancy, and the earliest period of my youth, it

has been my fate to form connexions with the aged, and consequently to mourn the loss of friends, at a time of life in which many are labouring to acquire them. My return to Rome has reminded me of another such loss, which I felt more deeply this morning, when leaving the grove of cypresses that enclose the ashes of my friend, I passed near the Circus of Flora.* Here at a small distance from the Salarian gate, I raised my eyes to one of the elegant villas which, when I left Rome, was possessed by a venerable patrician, who honoured me with his kindness, and whom I loved and respected with almost filial affection. Born of one of the most illustrious families in Rome, he was distinguished for that simplicity and dignity of manners which constituted the urbanity of our forefathers. Candour, probity, and justice, were his characteristics, and, above all, unshaken constancy in his friendship: his house was splendid, and his company well chosen. Our countrymen looked up to him as to a respectable monument of their greatness;

* The place of it still visible near Porta Salara. The Villa Scarra, which belonged to the Prince of Palestrina, of the Colunna family, gave occasion to this passage.

and strangers, in him, admired the majesty of Rome. Pardon me, my friend, if I take up a few moments of your time in these effusions of my gratitude and affection. Friendship with me is no short-lived passion; it is not limited by the tomb.

In the midst of my anxieties your letters console me, but they do not wholly relieve them. You will soon be compelled by your duty to return into Illyria, and, I fear, without obtaining any information of Valerius. The world without him would be to me a solitary desert, were it not for the kindness of Septimius; and even that kindness cannot dissipate the grief which consumes me, when I reflect that Valerius has been injured, and that I cannot redress his wrongs. Should your efforts to discover the place of his retreat prove ineffectual, I shall, as soon as the triumph is over, set out for Campania, and make every enquiry at his villa near Baiæ that may tend to procure me information, though my letters to this purpose have hitherto been useless.

I return you thanks for the pains you have taken to give me a description of the religious ceremonies* still performed at Chalcis, in honour

* See Plutarch, life of Titus Flaminius.

of Titus Flaminius; and I am persuaded that your friendship for me made you consider it as a very interesting circumstance that you happened to be present at the election of one of his priests. The public buildings consecrated to him, the altar, the sacrifices, and particularly the hymn which is sung after the libations, are no doubt very honourable to our family, because they are so many proofs of the humanity, justice, and beneficence of a Flaminius, who was so fortunate as to be the deliverer of Greece, and to establish in that country a just sense of the generosity and faith of the Romans. But these divine honours, paid to a mortal, are to me more disgusting than flattering! I am fatigued with all I see and hear daily of this species of adulation, and am far from adopting that vanity, which in others excites my resentment. Heaven knows how little I consider myself the descendent of a Divinity, whilst I can neither defend my nearest and most beloved relation, nor even unravel the strange mystery which involves his fate. I am not, however, indifferent to the various distinctions conferred throughout Greece on the memory of Quintius Flaminius; and what with me increases greatly their value, is the sincerity with which they were bestowed in consequence of his moderation and equity.

No man was ever endowed with a more beneficent disposition, and none had fairer opportunities of shewing it. To reinstate such a country as Greece in the possession of its ancient freedom, and to be followed in his triumphal car by twelve hundred Roman citizens, who had long mourned in captivity the victories of Hannibal, are indeed privileges scarcely mortal; and seem to have been granted him by Providence as a reward for that virtue which made him look on those, who had received favours from him, as his greatest benefactors.

You ask me, whether I have yet seen Aurelia. I have, my friend, studiously avoided her; she has visited Agrippina, and, as I have been informed, indirectly enquired of various persons concerning my captivity, my actions in Germany, and my present intentions. But though I abstain from all intercourse with her, shall I acknowledge my weakness? I have been thrice at the villa of your mother, not like you to examine the petrified shells and other natural curiosities which are to be found there, but to contemplate the rising moon, from the long walk of cypresses that crown the hill,* and overlook the Vatican

* Monte Mario.

field. It was there we passed the evening which preceded my departure; it was there, while you were engaged in conversation with Valerius and Atilia, that Valeria promised me eternal fidelity. She pointed to the Alban* mountain, whose awful summit, involved in clouds, added melancholy to the parting moment; she looked down with displeasure on the pomp of Rome, and the serpentine course of the Tiber, and charged me on the borders of the Rhine and Albis to remember Aurelia. Excuse me, Septimius, I conceal my fond delusion from every eye but yours; perhaps it were better I should see her—her image remains too perfect on my mind—there she still is faithful.

* Monte Cavo

LETTER XLVIII.*

THE face of Rome appears to me totally changed since Tiberius has been master of the empire; though he will not suffer himself to be addressed with servile adulation, or affected humility, he expects that not only his commands, but even his desires should be obeyed with the most punctual compliance. By a refinement of tyranny, he would have slavish obsequiousness appear the dictate of inclination. The severity of his manners spreads a gloom over all the inhabitants of this city, particularly over those who are obliged more nearly to approach him. How courteous and popular was Augustus! his tenderness to his friends and connections made his private character infinitely amiable, and the share he took in all public amusements endeared him to the people. Such a prince was born to cast a veil over the loss of liberty, and over the scenes that preceded his exaltation. But Tiberius is naturally of a haughty and sullen temper, ever

* See the life of Tiberius in all historians.

dissatisfied with himself and others; while he was a subject, still complaining of neglect, and, since he has been a prince, always suspicious of treason. It cannot be denied that he has behaved with intrepidity on many occasions, which must have been owing to the force of example and discipline, for he is now addicted to the emptiest and most absurd terrors. Poison and sorcery continually haunt his imagination, and whenever he perceives a distant cloud that foretels a tempest, he binds round his temples a crown of laurel, in the supposition that it will protect him from the lightning, taking a poetical allusion in the literal sense. Perpetually in dread of imaginary beings, and placing little confidence in a superior Power, he is perhaps the most wretched inhabitant of his empire; and the splendour and virtues of his family are the torment of his life. The dignity of his mother and the honours conferred on her by the senate; the youth and distinctions of even his own son Drusus; but, above all, the far superior and heroic qualities of Germanicus, incessantly torture him with envy, distrust, and apprehension. Sejanus alone* approaches him with ease and fami-

* Tacitus, Book 4.

liarity, though probably there is between them neither affection nor confidence. Tiberius fears death; and his minister recommends continual precautions against open or secret attempts, always on the watch to discover or invent them. As præfect of the prætorian cohorts, he affects to maintain the ancient discipline and severity of manners, by forming a regular camp, where they are to be united in a body, instead of being dispersed, as at present, throughout Rome. Under pretence of removing them from the dissipation and allurements of the city, he seems to have conceived the design of converting them into a standing army for the support of the emperor, or more probably for his own ambitious views: he is the enemy of all the Cæsarian family, and has the art of sowing dissension among them: to sum up all, he is a bold, skilful, and willing agent of despotism.

The court is divided into parties: female jealousies foment the discord, and the most trifling circumstances produce implacable enmities. Germanicus and Drusus, alone unshaken in their friendship, beyond the reach of calumny and insinuation, afford the most shining example of union and concord. The irreproachable con-

duct of Agrippina, her numerous and blooming offspring, and her immediate descent from Augustus, give her many advantages in the eyes of the Roman people over Livia, who has in her favour the influence of Sejanus and his party. This is particularly disgusting to Drusus: he often though in vain, exhorts her to break off all intercourse with them, while domestic happiness flies far from his mansion: he deserves a better fate, for the youthful irregularities of his conduct are greatly to be attributed to the dissension and disquietude he experiences at home.

Nothing can be more repugnant to my disposition than to be a witness of these scenes; my attachment to Germanicus, and regard for your friend, must influence me to interest myself in all that relates to them; but petty strife, groundless animosity, or slanderous suggestion, are so odious to my nature, that I would seek the woods and caverns of Germany to avoid them. Happy are the hours in which I singly enjoy the converse of the two brothers; but when can we thus share the society of princes? How rarely are they free from idle importunity or designing intrusion!

Fatigued in the day with hearing the intrigues and cabals of our rulers, I strayed towards even-

ing to the grotto of Egeria, the rural appearance of which, and the murmuring fountain, reminded me how simple and innocent an artifice, if artifice can ever be blameless, was sufficient to govern our first fathers. I visited the temple of the Muses, and that structure which does so much honour to the principles of the great conqueror of Syracusa, the united temples of honour and virtue, by the situation of which Marcellus wished to imprint so useful a lesson on the minds of his countrymen. I continued my walk to the Appian Way, and leaving the superb Mausoleums of the Metelli and Servilii, at length seated myself near that of the Scipios.* I here fell into a train of reflections, which ended in my repining that I was not born in the age of these great men, who were the conquerors of monarchs, and the equals of their fellow citizens. My ambition and my patriotism kindled at the thought; I repeated to myself some of the animated lines of the poet Ennius, whose zeal for the glory of his country and attachment to her godlike defen-

* Tomb of the Scipios, discovered in 1780, with the pedestals for the statues as described by Livy, Cicero, &c. The urns and inscriptions are at the Vatican Museum.

ders, have been rewarded by a statue placed between those of Africanus and his brother. But while I contemplated their images, I recollected that the conqueror of Carthage was driven to Linternum by the malice of a party, and was so sensible of the ingratitude of his country, that he would not permit his bones to be deposited in the tomb of his ancestors; that the second Africanus, heir to the virtues and renown of the former, fell a victim to the treachery of his nearest connexions, and to the dissensions of the republic. I started from the enthusiastic dream, resigned myself to the present system of affairs, and passed the evening amidst a throng of senators, men of letters, veteran officers, and young patricians; many of whom, from real attachment, and more from interest, frequent the houses of Germanicus and Drusus.

Among the rest I met Velleius Paterculus,* and was at first highly delighted with his conversation: the knowledge he has acquired, both as a scholar and a traveller, renders his society particularly interesting. He intends to write a history of Rome, from the foundation of the city

* See his history still extant.

to the present times, and has certainly the advantage of great experience in military affairs, and a singular command of language. Nothing can be more elegant than his manner of expressing himself, and I have always heard that Tiberius considered him as one of the best officers in his army: he seemed desirous of cultivating my acquaintance, from a motive of learning many particulars of the unfortunate expedition of Varus, which there are so few survivors to relate. I was willing to communicate all the intelligence I could give, till I heard him in the course of conversation, make a comparison between the friendship of Scipio for Lælius, and the partiality of the emperor for Sejanus: this comparison disgusted me so much, that from that moment I resolved to avoid giving him any information concerning the affairs of Germany. The man who can descend to such gross adulation, will undoubtedly prove a false and partial historian; but he shall never say that materials have been supplied by me for a work, which is intended to mislead posterity. It is wonderful that with so excellent an understanding, he can relinquish, for the hopes of a courtier, the independent spirit of a soldier and man of letters.

LETTER XLIX.

HAPPILY, Septimius, the day of the triumph is fixed for the seventh* before the calends of June. I shall then soon be at liberty to pursue my intentions of making diligent search for the retreat of Valerius. After having in vain sought for my uncle through Greece, the information you have received from the master of an Illyrian vessel, affords me some satisfaction, as it amounts to a proof that he is still alive. If the Illyrian saw and hailed the vessel, on which Valerius was embarked at no great distance from the harbour of Messina, it seems credible that he has chosen some part of Sicily for an asylum; but surely it is extraordinary that a man of his rank and celebrity should be so long concealed. I have in some degree been unjust in my suspicions of the emperor and his favourite: I want the cool and moderate impartiality of temper, which so much distinguishes

* Twenty-sixth of May.

Germanicus and yourself; my reason is too often subservient to my passions; and when I am persuaded of the justice of a cause, or the propriety of a sentiment, my heated imagination knows not where to stop in their defence.

I have made this morning a most interesting visit with Germanicus. The day* being annually set apart for the joint celebration of the Parthian's concessions, and the punishment of Cæsar's murderers. Tiberius is obliged to perform the usual sacrifices in the temple of Mars the Avenger, and even to make his public appearance in the circus. Every individual of the Julian Family is engaged in these devotions except our general, who not having entered the city, is at liberty to consult his own inclinations in the manner of spending the day. He is much better pleased to have increased the public joy and thanksgivings, by his victories, than to shine in the Forum of Augustus, and to contemplate the pompous series of ancestors to whom he has added new lustre. He proposed my accompanying him to the country house of Livy.† "This excellent historian," said he, "merits all my respect; I never see him without

* Ovid de Fast. Book 5.

† Livy died the following year, as did the poet Ovid.

being impressed with the same veneration which I feel, when I pass through the triumphal* arch raised near the Capenan gate, to the memory of my father: he has related his actions: may his works be still more durable than the marble, that bears the honoured name of Drusus!"

We found Livy in a small apartment, the windows of which overlook his garden on the borders of the Tiber, and he was seated in the vestibule of his villa: six niches contained as many busts, representing Camillus, Fabius Maximus, Paulus Emilius, Marcellus, Scipio Africanus, and Titus Quintius Flaminius. He received Germanicus with ease, simplicity, and affection: "You have been long employed in my service," exclaimed he, "my beloved Cæsar! you seem resolved that my age shall not want occupation, but I fear I shall not have time to record your victories; had you done less I might have hoped to add your conquests to those of your father."

"If my actions," answered Germanicus, "appear worthy of your attention, you must attribute to yourself great part of their merit. Could

* Arch of Drusus, still to be seen at Porto San Sebastiano.

I read your works, and not desire to imitate the deeds which you have immortalized? By celebrating the worth of our fathers, you impose an arduous task on their sons."

He introduced me to the sage, and became the partial historian of the period which I had spent in his camp. I found Livy already informed of every thing that had happened to me: he rose and went into his library, whence he returned with a small volume, "This," said he, shewing it to Cæsar, "contains notes which I have made on the present times; at the head of each page is the name of some illustrious family, whose ancestors have distinguished themselves in the service of their country; below I have written the names, qualities, and actions of such of their living descendents that support or add to the honour of their race. Where I am obliged to leave blank pages, I consider that family as extinct for the present generation. Behold under the title of the CLAUDII how much I have been writing! see here the QUINTII: what you have related to me of Marcus is already inserted; but it is unnecessary," continued he, closing the volume, "to shew this book to you and to your friend; I could wish that they, whose ancestors names are the only ornament of the page, were

to cast their eyes on the void space, surely they would be roused from their apathy and endeavour to fill it."

"Quintius Flaminius is one of my favourite heroes, as you may observe by my choice of his likeness to adorn my vestibule; he contributed equally to inspire a love and fear of the Roman name; he excelled the Greeks in wit and elegance almost as much as he was superior to them in valour, and this part of his character deserves to be remarked. If every great and good man was amiable, the cause of virtue would gain universal support, and vice would be left without an excuse. Beneficent Divinities are always painted beautiful."

I took the liberty of enquiring why he had not graced his portico with the bust of Julius Cæsar, and he instantly replied, "Because* I could not in the opposite nich place that of Pompey the great, though I hope in my history I have done justice to them both. Had Cæsar fallen in the battle of Pharsalia, not only I, but the whole world would have considered his imageas too valuable to be confounded with any other; and, even now, I

* Augustus used to call Livy sportively the Pompeian Tacitus, &c.

should assign it the first place, if his descendents were not masters of Rome."

Germanicus embraced the historian on hearing these words: "My venerable friend!" exclaimed he with transport, "your sincerity dignifies the praise you have bestowed on my father in your works, and on me in your presence."

Livy enquired of Cæsar whether there were any hopes that Ovid would be recalled from banishment.

"I commiserate his fate," answered Germanicus; "and Suillius * has lately shewn me a most affecting epistle, which his unfortunate father-in-law, addressed to him from Pontus, with the view of engaging me to serve him; but I dare not solicit his return. Tiberius will hardly grant a favour of this nature, which was constantly refused me by Augustus. I am ignorant of the real cause of his exile; it is scarcely to be imagined, however just the sentence against immoral writers, that it would be pronounced on him alone, while many others, equally guilty, remain unpunished. Yet, undoubtedly, the greater an author's talents, the more strictly should his works be examined. The young and inexpe-

* Ovid's epistles from Pontus, Book 4.

rienced are misled by the charms of language, when the same principles, conveyed in rude and unpolished terms, would strike them with a proper disgust; but whether the exile of Ovid has put a stop to the evils attributed to his writings, I leave you to determine. As a votary of the Muses, I lament that poets are so seldom excellent moralists; their praises of virtue have too much the air of flattery, and their satires against vice are either so didactic as to fatigue, or so malignant as to offend. You alone, who shew us the faithful picture of the advantages that spring from noble actions, and of the mischief arising from crimes, can truly instruct the present and future generation by the example of the past.

"You will, notwithstanding, own," replied the historian, "that many excellent precepts of moral philosophy are conveyed to us by the sportive gaiety of Horace, and that his ode* on the victories of your father is superior to all the volumes I have written.

"This ode," said Germanicus, "is my pride and my delight; but did not you, and other historians, attest the truths it contains, posterity might admire the harmony of its numbers, and

* Horace, Ode 4, Book 4.

the loftiness of its expressions, but would, after once reading, cast it aside with the innumerable adulatory compositions that begin to disgrace our language, and will for ever dishonour literature while poets and patrons exist."

The hours passed swiftly in the company of Livy, and I regretted that we were obliged to leave him. We returned by the fields of Quintius Cincinnatus.* which will probably long preserve his venerated name. Modest frugality is a virtue, which, at all times, receives the approbation of the good, and excites no envy among the vain and ambitious: the indigent man of merit, when he sits down to his homely meal, reflects that a dictator once lived as poorly as himself, while his opulent neighbour, whose table is covered with profusion and splendor, will sooner praise the temperate sobriety of Cincinnatus than the magnificent banquets of Alexandria. Germanicus, who seeks as much as possible to divest himself of all exterior grandeur, never omits an opportunity of celebrating the simple manners of the ancient Romans. I could not forbear remarking to him on this occasion how much Augustus merited commendation;

* Prati de Quinti, still called so.

ostentatious magnificence was certainly in his power, and the example of the times authorised it even to excess; yet nothing could be more simple, or more moderate than his way of living. It is still a problem with me, which deserves most praise, the man who makes a voluntary sacrifice of luxurious delicacy, or he who has magnanimity enough not to envy those who are in possession of enjoyments which he cannot procure. Satiety may influence the first, and necessity the second, but assuredly the example of a prince, who despises pomp and effeminacy, is of real and extensive advantage to his country.

These reflections have reminded me of an event* which has lately been the principal topic of conversation. A few days since, the rich Apicius looked over his accounts, and finding that the expenses of his table had consumed so much of his fortune as to leave him only 250,000 sesterces, he poisoned himself in the fear of being reserved to die of want! I am grieved to think that his treatise on prolonging the pleasures of a repast, and the ridiculous singularity of his death, will preserve his name, while that of many a brave soldier, who falls nobly in the

* Dion Cassius, &c.

defence of his country, is consigned to oblivion. You will perhaps reply, that Apicius can only be remembered to be despised; but what punishment is the contempt of posterity to a wretch who never had a regard for fame? I am likewise afraid that many who smile at the manner of his death, regret the loss of his table, and would sooner follow his example than, like Curius Dentatus, refuse foreign gold, and boil vegetables on their fire.

LETTER L.*

YOU will not blame me, Septimius, if I have been so very unphilosophical as to be wonderfully elated with our triumph. I own that we should rather seek to merit rewards, than obtain them. I confess that glory is transitory, and the praises of the multitude often bestowed on the undeserving. The Grecian sages have so long written maxims of this nature, that their countrymen have progressively become the slaves of nations who have philosophised less, and fought better. You who read and compare the sentiments of every sect, who are not contented with a vain theory, but practise whatever is most laudable and most virtuous in the lessons of different schools, you, my dear Septimius, are not insensible to the charms of fame. Accept my thanks for the wish you formed of being a spectator of our entrance into Rome. Yesterday Germani-

* A description of this triumph is to be found in Strabo, and Tacitus, Book 2.

cus Cæsar triumphed over the Cheruscans, Cattians, Angrivarians, and all the nations who inhabit between the Rhine and Albis. The spoils, captives, and images of the mountains, rivers, and battles, appeared in long procession before his car; but what chiefly attracted the eyes of the Romans, were the eagles recovered from the enemy. The acclamations of applause were so frequent, and so violent, the name of your friend was repeated with transport by so many thousands of his fellow citizens, that I experienced a heartful satisfaction, a tenderness, a thankfulness towards my country, which is far beyond expression, and which, believe me, was not tinctured with vanity or self-conceit. My joy was too pure to admit of such unworthy companions: the civic crown, and other military rewards, with which I was distinguished, engaged the attention of the people; and it gave me pleasure to hear them remark that there was scarce an officer or soldier amongst us who had not received some publick testimony of his valour. Our leader, who is deservedly the idol of Rome, appeared with every advantage; the singular beauty of his person, the radiant beneficence of his countenance, the well-merited laurel that adorned his brows, and the five graceful

children who shared his triumphal car, filled every spectator with love and admiration. The young promised to themselves, and to their country, future blessings from his virtues; but, as I have been since informed, many of the aged contemplated with a sigh this interesting triumph, and, recalling to mind the early fate of his uncle Marcellus, and his father Drusus, remarked, with ill-omened sensibility, how transitory and fatal had always been the destiny of darlings of the Roman people.

We saw on our way the triumphal arch which has been erected in memorial of the recovery of the ensigns lost with Varus: it is placed near the temple of Saturn, and at a small distance from the house of Cornelius Dolabella. Here the acclamations redoubled, and the thronging populace could with difficulty be restrained by the lictors: the crowd was so numerous, that neither mine, nor the horses of my companions could proceed; the quantity of garlands, and profusion of flowers of every sort that were thrown on me, increased the confusion, and the procession was obliged to stop for several minutes. This happened immediately under the terrace where Aurelia and a considerable number of ladies were assembled to view the triumph. Dolabella, who rode near me, raised his eyes to salute Livia and the other

guests of Aurelia; I naturally followed his example, and for the first time since my return beheld her, whose image had never been absent from my heart. Her disorder was so visible, that after a general and respectful salute, I looked down and entered into conversation with Sulpitius, who rode on the other side of me, but scarcely knew what I uttered. My mind was wholly engrossed by the terrace, and had not the lictors fortunately made way at that instant for our passage, I should inevitably have broken the resolution I had formed not to look up a second time. Dolabella was silent during the rest of our march.

When we arrived at the capitol, I felt the most awful emotions: the majesty of the temple, the sublimity of the address with which our ancient rites ordained that we should return thanks to the immortal Ruler of the universe; the lofty strains that resounded through the domes; the simple and unfeigned devotion of numberless united warriors, who are equally strangers to sceptic vanity, and superstitious terrors; the idea of adding new trophies to the sanctuary of Roman sovereignty; every thing contributes to excite sensations of the most august and pleasing nature. Though we had begun our march as

early as possible, the sun was set before we quitted the temple, but its golden reflection still gladdened the horizon and enlivened the interesting scene. What a variety of distinguished objects! The Roman Forum, the seat of eloquence and freedom! the Palatine, the birth place of our empire! and the lofty Alban mountain rising majestically to close the prospect! Surely, my friend, no view* can be compared with this.

You will hear from every quarter of the sumptuous banquet, and of the donation to the populace made by Tiberius in the name of Germanicus; but I must not omit informing you, that amongst the demonstrations of esteem with which the people overwhelmed me, they placed a crown of laurel on the statue† of Titus Flaminius, which stands opposite to the Circus Maximus.

In the evening I supped with the emperor. Germanicus introduced me to him with the warmest encomiums, and Tiberius expressed his

* The views from the windows of Prince Rezzonico, Senator of Rome, who lives in the capitol, are still the most beautiful imaginable.

† See Plutarch's life of Titus Flaminius.

approbation of my conduct; telling me he regretted that my uncle had not been a spectator of our triumph. "Though I have sometimes taken* the liberty as a senator," said he, "of differing from the opinion of Titus Valerius, I esteem his virtues and zeal for the public cause. I am astonished he should have deserted the senate, where his advice was of weight, and where men of his character must always be rare: have you any knowledge of the place of his retreat?"

I answered, I was entirely ignorant of it, adding, that whatever might be the cause of my uncle's departure, I was convinced it had neither proceeded from neglect of his duty, nor want of attachment to the republic and its rulers.

All who are accustomed to the manners of Tiberius declare that he behaved with more than usual affability on the present occasion; he caressed Germanicus, and talked much with him on the Syrian affairs. He spoke with attention to Silius and Cæcina, who were graced with triumphal ornaments, and treated me with distinguished regard: but still there is a haughty reserve in his appearance, a studied and myste-

* See the Life of Tiberius.

rious arrangement in his discourse, that damp cheerfulness, and repel confidence. I have heard that Augustus, when engaged in any conversation of peculiar hilarity, would break off abruptly at the entrance of Tiberius. If such was the effect of his disposition on the man to whom he was every way subservient, it is not surprising that he should cast a gloom over those who are subject to his power. On me it had no other effect than to give me that uneasy sensation, which I always feel when in company with those who seem to think before they speak, lest they should betray their true sentiments.

LETTER LI.

TO-DAY the Cæsarian family, the legates, Sulpitius, Dolabella, and myself, were invited to a magnificent banquet, given by Drusus to his brother. Aurelia, and two or three other friends of Livia, were of the party. The imperial gardens were illuminated, the palatine hill resounded with festivity, but its influence was not diffused through the palace. Tiberius appeared for a moment, spoke some time apart with Germanicus, and then retired: Augusta* stayed longer, but all was constraint and coldness between her and Agrippina: Livia directed her conversation to Sejanus, who came, uninvited, with the emperor; Drusus cast a look of disdain on the favourite, and took no farther notice of his presence; Sulpitius, a stranger to most of the company, was embarrassed; Cæcina, whose frank and honest disposition scorns adulation, and de-

* Augusta Livia, widow of Augustus, adopted by his will into the Julian family.

tests ceremonious reserve, was impatient for the moment of departure. Silius is soliciting an employment, in which he suspects Dolabella to be his competitor; and, supposing him protected by Drusus, every mark of favour bestowed on him made the legate evidently uneasy, while Dolabella kept his eyes anxiously fixed on Aurelia. The graceful and respectable mother of Germanicus, conscious of the artifices of Tiberius, scarce dared to give way to the felicity with which the triumph of her son would otherwise have inspired her. She was anxious for his future welfare, and in vain desired to promote harmony and peace in the family; while, on the other hand, she seemed affected to behold the total insensibility of her second son, Claudius, whose intellectual dulness makes him an object ridicule or neglect. He,* unconscious of the scenes that were passing around him, fell tranquilly asleep before the repast was ended, and Cæcina remarked to me, that were he to envy any person in the company it would be Claudius. "Nay, probably," added he, "you behold in him your future master. Germanicus has too many virtues, and Drusus too high a spirit; that

* See the life of Claudius.

young man cannot excite fear or envy; he will be overlooked, and may reap the advantage of their talents and his own imbecility.

From the picture I have set before your eyes, my dear Septimius, you will conclude that I was not greatly entertained: but you are to remember that Aurelia was present: she was dressed with splendid elegance, and, at my entrance, I thought she looked inexpressibly beautiful; but the more I considered her person, the more I was convinced that she has lost in native graces, what she has gained in artificial charms. Her complexion, which you know is naturally a clear brown, has acquired a dazzling fairness; her radiant eyes, though still they are almost irresistible, roll in studied languor, or sparkle with premeditated vivacity; her graceful and easy form is seen alternately in different attitudes, all which are elegant, but seem to be directed by some Grecian sculptor. The beauty of her hand, overcharged with jewels, is perpetually displayed; and her voice, which nature had rendered sufficiently melodious, and whose soft accents still vibrated on my heart, is now skillfully adapted to musical periods, and to expressions as much studied as her manners.

She talked on various subjects with knowledge

and precision, gave her judgment on several new literary performances with liveliness and accuracy, and related two or three anecdotes with the talents of a Roscius. Her conversation was manifestly directed to me, though I had not yet addressed a word to her. I waited in vain for Dolabella to introduce me; at length she enquired when I had heard from Septimius, and made what might be stiled an oration in your praise, and that of friendship in general. Soon after, Drusus having proposed a walk in the gardens, the company separated into different parties, and I found myself between her and Livia, till we were joined by Sejanus, which left me entirely to Aurelia. She remained a few moments without speaking; her bosom heaved with a gentle sigh: I was silent. "Marcus!" said she—and then hesitated for an instant—"how generous are you not to upbraid me! you were yesterday a witness of my confusion; however undeserving, let me sue for your friendship, and believe that amidst the numbers who celebrated your fame, and admired your actions, none felt them more sincerely than Aurelia. You cannot refuse some regard to the wife of a man whose life you have so heroically saved."

"Aurelia!" answered I, "there is no genero-

sity in my forbearing to upbraid you for having supposed that vows were annulled by death; since you may plead in your favour the laws of Rome, and the custom of the world. With respect to the actions in which I have been so fortunate as to be a sharer, the crowns and collars, with which they have adorned me, are no part of myself; you may remember that before I obtained them, I had the same principles, the same sentiments which led me to deserve them. When I saved the life of Cornelius Dolabella, I merely did my duty in preserving a brave citizen to the republic. I dare not accept the offer of your friendship: you have too many charms, and I have too much sensibility: I fear you would soon lose your opinion of my heroism: suffer me, therefore, only to retain your esteem, and be assured of my inviolable respect."

Aurelia burst into tears—

This was a trying moment for your friend; I hope she did not perceive my agitation. "You have," continued she, in a faltering accent, "a small portrait of mine, which the indulgence of friendship might have kept, but which the coldness of esteem will relinquish with indifference. May I request you will restore it to me at any hour to-morrow you shall please to appoint?

I shall be alone at the villa of Atilia, where I mean to pass a few days; the dissipation and importunate society, to which I am here hourly condemned, fatigue and torment me. I feel that solitude is necessary for my health and spirits."

Indeed, Septimius, this was too much: I am ignorant what would have been my reply, if, happily, Dolabella, who had long been in conversation with Germanicus, had not met us at that instant: his presence at first displeased me, but I soon recollected myself, and embraced the opportunity of gaining a complete victory.

"Dolabella!" said I, "it is with pain I observe that Aurelia is uneasy to see her portrait remain in my possession: her delicacy merits praise; but when you remind her of the reason why I cannot return it; when she hears from you my promise that it should never be profaned by human eye; when I assure you both I have taken care that at my death it shall be restored, let me flatter myself that she will think no more on a subject, which must not disturb the tranquillity of her mind."

Dolabella recovered his usual serenity; Aurelia had no longer a look of humiliation, and Drusus now called us to listen to a concert of excellent music, which concluded the evening.

I could not sleep, my friend, before I related to you these events. This encounter was far more perilous than the battle of Idistavisus, or the recovery of the eagles; nevertheless I will not boast of my heroism. Had I found Aurelia with the same candour and simplicity which she possessed when I left her, I should never have obtained this triumph over myself: but would she then have been united to another?

In a few days we are to make the usual sacrifice, with our general, on the Alban hill; after which I shall immediately set out for Campania. Farewell, Septimius!

LETTER LII.

IT is with infinite satisfaction, my friend, I revisit the monuments of Roman greatness, and every object that recalls to my mind the pleasures of my infancy. I began this morning by entering the Pantheon,* the simple and majestic structure of which ever excites my admiration, and here I contemplated with respect the statues of Augustus, and his public-spirited friend.† I know that many of our philosophers are disgusted with the destination of this edifice; the variety of Divinities appears to them impious and absurd, but I wish still to see them in the light in which they were originally intended. Our fathers deified the virtues and attributes of the Supreme Being; every rational man knows they have no

* The celebrated temple now admired under the name of the Rotonda, or St. Mary of the Martyrs.

† Marcus Agrippa, who adorned Rome with many considerable edifices.

other meaning, and it is dangerous to disturb the belief of the multitude. In this state of mind I proceeded to the temple of Minerva,* and long fixed my eyes on the statue of the goddess: there is a sober majesty, an unaffected delicacy, a calm serenity in her aspect, that imprint forcibly on the mind a reverence for the empire of wisdom. I could not help reflecting how far I was remote from this sublime tranquillity, how often wild hopes, vain desires, and contending passions had obscured my understanding, and planted daggers in my heart! I considered how much more I might have been the victim of my impetuous temper, and warm imagination, had not adversity instructed, and removed me from the dangerous field of action, where every passion has its center, and every error its incitement. As I was blessing the so long lamented time of my captivity, my meditations were interrupted by the entrance of several children, whom the parents, or preceptors, on their way to school, conducted to kiss the hand of Minerva, previous to the beginning of their daily studies. The observance of this simple and ancient custom, inspired me

* Santa Maria in Minerva, the church belonging to the Dominicans. The statue is said to be the same which is now seen at the Palace Giustiniani.

with greater reverence than I have ever felt in being present at the pompous lectures of sages and philosophers. I beheld in this the principal feature that distinguishes us from barbarians; and enumerated in my mind the various advantages arising from education. I was delighted to behold the different countenances of these infant votaries, but was particularly pleased with two boys, one of whom appeared to be about eight, and the other nine years of age, led by a woman whose charms seemed to be rather faded by misfortune than years. She looked pale and pensive, was dressed with neatness and simplicity, and attended by one aged female slave. The children were animated and beautiful; and, as soon as they had performed the ceremony of saluting the statue, their mother led them towards the door with the intention of departing. I could not refuse myself the pleasure of stopping and caressing them; and while I was thus engaged, I heard the slave, who accompanied their mother, enquire of my servants if my name was not Marcus Flaminius, and whether I was not lately returned from Germany. I immediately looked round, and asked her the cause of such enquiry, when the mistress advanced, and making many excuses for what she called an undue liberty, con-

jured me to tell her, whether I could give any information of the fate of her husband Flavius Herennius, who had been a centurion in the army of Varus.

"I have long bid adieu to hope," continued she, "but it would be some satisfaction to have certain knowledge in what manner my husband finished his existence; I am sure he fell doing his duty, and I endeavour to bring up his children by his example: but the last affecting circumstance of his story is wanting to their instruction."

She could not proceed, and I found myself unable to answer her. Flavius was a man of infinite merit, and had raised himself by his services to be first centurion in the nineteenth legion; he was taken prisoner in defence of the eagle, and when I crawled to the nearest altar, perceived in the wood of Teutoburgium his mangled body lie bleeding before it. Was this an intelligence to be given his widow?

She observed my distress, which she attributed to the pain I might feel in being obliged to confirm to her the death of her husband. I assured her that he had done his duty to the last, and that his remains, which had been left a monument of his valour, were buried with those of his

companions. I judged from her appearance that she did not enjoy the favours of fortune, but I have since learned, that nothing can exceed her indigence, except her virtue and courage in supporting it: this part of her misfortunes I can easily relieve. The two sons of my brave fellow-soldier are become my care, and Philo has this afternoon with difficulty, persuaded the mother to accept of an inconsiderable assignment for the maintenance of a daughter, who is to remain with her. She refused all that was offered for herself; the preceptor of her children will every morning lead them to kiss the hand of the mother, who has been to them a Minerva; and I have discovered, for the first time since my return to civilized life, that the gifts of Plutus are not unessential to happiness. After quitting the temple of Minerva, with my mind wholly engrossed by the fate of Herennius, the remembrance of Cariovaldas, and of the artless hospitality with which I had been treated among the Cheruscans, at a time when their enmity against the Romans was at the highest, excited in me a desire of visiting our prisoners,* to see if, by any means, I might contribute to the alleviation of

* The prisons were in the Forum.

their sufferings. I found them well treated, and in general not impatient in their situation. I have before told you that the wishes of these people are few, and their sensibility not great; they were pleased to hear me address them in the language of their country, and received, with unusual thankfulness, some wine and provisions which I ordered to be distributed among them. One man alone avoided speaking, and concealed his face with his hands, in a corner of the prison; this raised my curiosity, and excited my pity; I approached him, and, to my great surprise, found him to be Manfred. Distracted at seeing a chief confounded with the lower class of prisoners, as I thought all of the higher order had been removed to more commodious habitations, whence they would be transported to the municipal towns allotted for their residence, I enquired of him the cause, and assured him he should soon be more properly disposed of; but he replied, he had industriously concealed his rank that his shame might be less visible. "I have been led in chains," said he, "before your triumphant army, but the dignity of a Cheruscan chief has not been insulted in my person. I am your slave, and the rest is now indifferent to me; you pompously declare that you prefer death to dishonour,

yet complain that we are barbarians, because we save our captives from ignominy by sacrificing them to the Gods."

"Manfred!" answered I, "the vain and illiberal custom of exposing men, who have fought for their country, to the eyes of a triumphant enemy, is indeed unworthy of the Romans, and I regret you have been a melancholy example of this truth. Had I perceived the friend of Cariovaldas, a man to whom I have myself obligations, amongst our prisoners, I should have interceded with the general for sparing you this mortification; but believe me, the Romans often look with the same respect on the captive, as on the conqueror. They esteem the virtues of their enemies, and prefer the brave Cheruscans who adorned our triumph, to the numberless Asiatics who live in pomp and effeminacy in our capital. I hope a time may come, when your nation will be convinced of our sentiments, and rather seek our friendship, than court our chains. In the mean while I shall endeavour to obtain your liberty, and, if I succeed, all my request in recompence is, that you will, as far as lies in your power, prevent for the future the massacre of any captives who may fall into your hands. You have not impartially made the comparison between our

conduct and yours: Arminius insulted the Roman prisoners, and afterwards put them to death in the most cruel manner: we lead our conquered enemies in triumph: the love of fame, which is carried to enthusiasm in this country, demands a pompous appearance of victory; and the soldiers, who have fought for obtaining it, choose that their fellow citizens should behold what opponents they have withstood, and judge what difficulties they have encountered. For this momentary insult, which I confess is no mark of civilization, we make what amends we can by the gentlest and most liberal treatment; but an ignominious death is past the power of repentance to compensate."

Manfred, who is by no means deficient in good sense, seemed calmer from what I had said. On leaving him I immediately went to solicit Germanicus in his favour. As I crossed the Forum in my way to the palace, I recollected that I must pass before the mansion of Valerius; I wished, and yet I feared, to see it; but while I endeavoured to calm my agitation, I found myself almost insensibly at the gate: I entered and stopped* in the hall to contemplate the many

* It is generally believed the house of the Poplicola

heroes whose images are the pride of Rome, and the envy of her most distinguished families. Few houses can indeed boast of so glorious a succession, not only of consuls, military tribunes, dictators, and censors, but of brave, just, and honourable men.

Beginning with the blameless counsellor who contributed to form the Romans and Sabines into one people, the great Poplicola, and the fortunate Corvinus, I viewed each of them with attention, and felt myself nearly as much affected as if I had seen them borne at the funeral of Valerius. When on the night of the triumph, I first entered my habitation at Rome, and reviewed the images of my forefathers, with the trophies of various nations that had been brought to grace our parental walls, I thanked heaven that during my absence my conduct had not rendered me unworthy of such society, and of such honours. I was now struck with pensive awe, a melancholy uncertainty preyed on my spirits: I raised my eyes to the unanimated forms, as if to ask them

was in the way from the Forum to the Palatine. It was a proof of nobility amongst the Romans to have waxen busts of their ancestors; they were placed in cases round the hall, and were carried at the funerals of the family. Polybius, Pliny, &c.

for their revered descendant. I attributed his retreat to the imitation of their virtues, and imagined they called on me to restore him to their household Divinities. Absorbed in these meditations, I almost accused myself of impiety for suffering any other care to intrude on my mind; and had not the voice of gratitude and humanity admonished me without delay to procure the liberty of Manfred, I know not when could have torn myself from the objects that so deeply affected me.

With the assistance of Germanicus I have obtained permission for the Cheruscan to return to his country by the first opportunity: in the mean time he is removed to my house, and appears satisfied. He can give no intelligence of Sigismar, but informs me that, when he perceived my escape, he sent a few of his bravest soldiers into the flaming wood, to search for me; but that, intimidated by the conflagration, they soon returned, and could not, by threats or intreaties, be induced to renew the attempt.

LETTER LIII.

THIS evening we are returned from our expedition to the Alban mountain; the day was beautiful, and during our march we found the road filled with spectators. As we passed through the arch of Drusus, our general alighted, and his followers imitated his example in paying this respect to the memory of his father; our trumpets sounded, and laurels were twined round the columns, intermixed with garlands of flowers.

What a variety of interesting objects is presented to the view of the Roman, who, after a long absence, retraces the road which leads from the city to the primeval mountains, whence we derive our origin, and Rome its splendour! The field of battle* where the Horatii and Curiatii fought as they imagined for the narrow limits of a few fields, but in reality for the empire of

* The place is still shewn about three miles from Rome.

the world, and fought with all the ardour and patriotism which so important an object might inspire: the Temple of Female Fortune,* erected by our ancestors to the honour of the mother of Coriolanus and her companions, on memorial of one of those few occasions in which women have interested themselves with success, or propriety, in public transactions: the spot† where the Appian way was stained with the blood of an unworthy descendant of that illustrious family, and which has left us a monument of the astonishing power of sophistry and eloquence in one of the most excellent pleadings of the prince of Roman oratory: the sepulchre‡ of the great and unfortunate Pompey, who, after having rendered himself and his country illustrious by numerous and splendid conquests, fell a sacrifice to an immoderate jealousy of power, to the designing adulation of his party, to the false representations of bad citizens in general, and to the treachery of an infant tyrant.

Such are the images that crowd on the imagi-

* The ruins still to be seen.

† Bovillæ. There is an inn now there.

‡ Supposed to be a lofty ruin which stands in a field belonging to Cardinal de Bernis, Bishop of Albano.

nation, while the eye contemplates the country disputed step by step between our brave forefathers and their rival neighbours! All seems consecrated ground: the graces preside over every hill, sport in every grove, and bathe themselves in the beauteous lake,* that lake which many revolving years have substituted for the tremendous crater formed by subterraneous explosions. The sulphureous stones, the rains of fire, which our good progenitors, with religious awe, considered as prodigies, have now lost their supernatural terrors, by the manifest remains of that element which first spreads desolation, and then fertility over these delightful regions. But the Alban mountain will ever be an object of respect and veneration; we cannot forget that it was here the first assembled states of Latium ratified their union by the sacred ties of mutual hospitality; and that here the rights of nations were first established on a solid basis. Here the grateful conqueror raises his eyes to heaven in thanks for himself, and for his country, that country which now swells his imagination with every beautiful and majestic idea; he sees her lofty towers, her well-defended bulwarks, and the many aqueducts

* Lago di Castello, seven miles in circumference.

which her public spirited citizens have constructed to convey the streams of health within her walls; he contemplates her cultivated and populous environs, her stately villas, her extensive colonies, and municipal towns, which vie with cities in splendor and opulence; her numerous lakes and rivulets, and, above all, the transparent waters of Diana's mirror,* overhung with consecrated woods, that shade the statesman and hero from the scorching heat of summer, while they gladden him with the primeval charms of nature and simplicity. He views the Tyrrhenian sea, and the more distant waves of the Adriatic, that facilitate communication, and transport the mind to those far remote regions, which patience and intrepidity have added to the Roman empire.

From the Alban hill we seem at our feet to view the conquered world; and above, that universal and beneficent Providence, to whom we owe our existence, our virtues, and our fame! Never was a nobler spot selected with circumstances congenial to public adoration! The form of the temple† is circular, like that of the terra-

* Speculum Dianæ, now Lago di Nemi.

† Temple of Jupiter Latialis; a circular wall is still

queous globe, and the altar of Jupiter Latialis, placed in the centre of the edifice, which stands on the summit of the mountain, and elevates the mind above the mists of fabulous superstition to the purest and sublimest worship. Here Germanicus offered sacrifice according to the ancient rites, and we returned through the winding road,* shaded by oaks and laurels, which contribute to dignify the scene.

To-morrow, at dawn of day, I depart for Campania; where, after endeavouring to gain some information at the Baian villa of Valerius, I shall embark for Sicily in search of him.

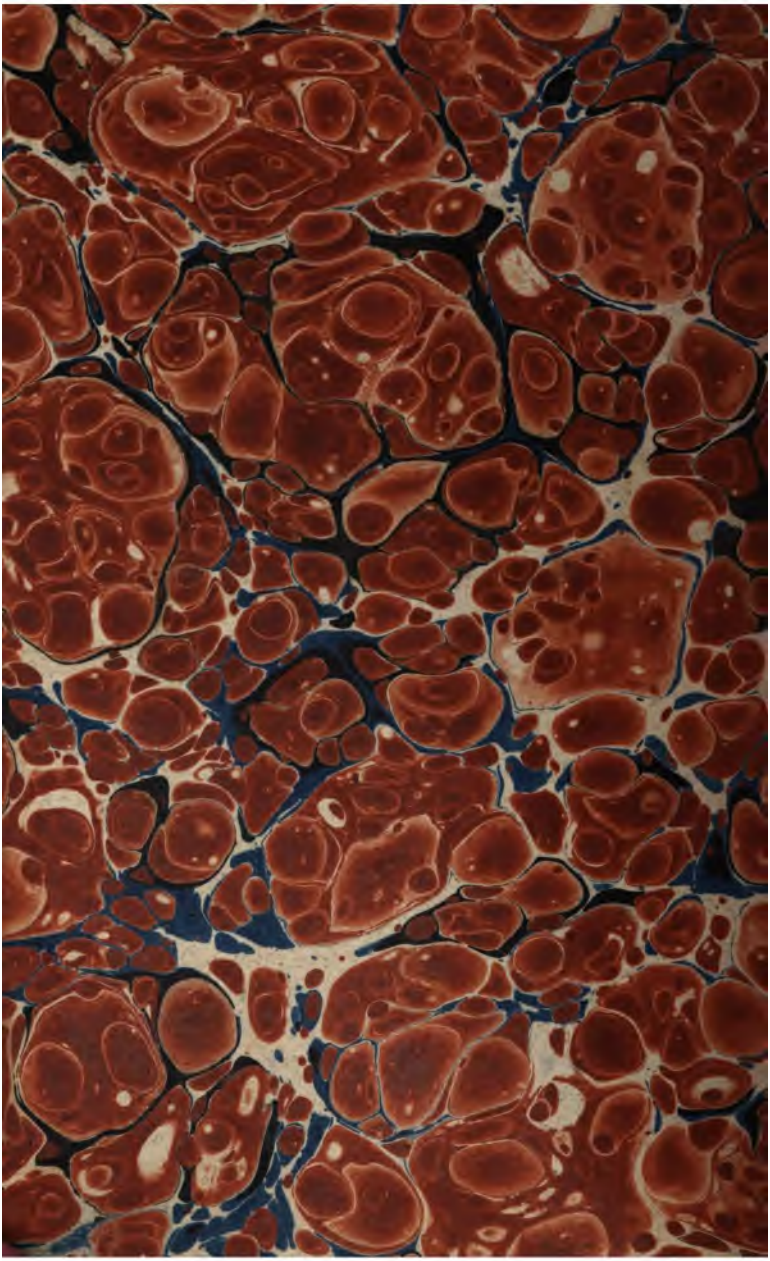
Tiberius,† who, at the last elections, named Germanicus with himself to the consulship for the ensuing year, has made a long and studied oration in the senate, stating the necessity of sending our general into Syria, to appease the troubles and dissensions, of which himself was

remaining, and the ruins of the altar are visible; there is now a convent of Passionisti.

* This triumphal road is in good preservation, and it is still shaded by oaks and laurels; on several of the large stones which compose it, are to be seen the letters V. N. supposed to imply Via Numinis.

† Tacitus, Book ii.

originally the author, from his vindictive treachery to the deceased Archelaus. He has declared, that neither his own declining age, nor the youth of Drusus, is equal to such an expedition, and therefore can alone select Germanicus; the motives of which choice are but too apparent from his refusal of permitting him to be accompanied by those whom he can trust. It is evident that the emperor dreads his influence, and, by removing him from Rome and his friends, consults his own fears, rather than the advantage of his adoptive son. The departure of Germanicus cannot take place immediately, though Tiberius endeavours to hasten it.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street.